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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LIX. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIV.

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## THE SCULPTOR'S STORY.

AY, look at it! Graceful, and true, and grand;  
 Bearing the stamp of genius, as you say.  
 'Tis pity for the missing arm and hand;  
 You notice less, looking this other way.  
 Do I not feel its beauty? To the core;  
 But then to me it says a something more.

To you, a statue well and nobly wrought,  
 The chiselled marble breathing patriot life,  
 The dumb lips speaking the majestic thought,  
 The proud foot springing eager for the  
 strife;  
 To me it tells of deeper things than glory.  
 Have you the time to hear the sculptor's  
 story?

Oh, I will make no weary tale of it,  
 Nor dwell on the sweet dawn of early hope,  
 When youth and genius made a temple fit  
 For fame to dwell in at his widest scope;  
 It shrank to a poor garret, high and bare,  
 With cold and famine for companions there.

Not one of all who hailed his promise morn,  
 With golden auguries of laurelled art,  
 Climbed to the wretched room, where he, in  
 scorn  
 Of the timeservers' praises, ate his heart,  
 And dashed into his work the mock at lies,  
 That scorches still in those imperial eyes.

Well! Fevered, starving, through the bitter  
 hours,  
 The strong head kept the gnawing pain at  
 bay;  
 The gifted hand wrought to its highest powers,  
 Finished its task, as closed the winter day,  
 And the fierce cold crept in, to kill and freeze,  
 As Paris woke to New Year revelries.

Nor bread nor wine upon the vacant board,  
 Nor faggot left to feed the empty stove;  
 Below the attic mirth and revel roared,  
 The steely stars shone pitiless above;  
 And he had naught to sell, and naught to  
 pawn.  
 The frost would break the clay before the  
 dawn!

He took the blanket from his squalid bed,  
 He took the rags that wrapped him as they  
 might;  
 Round the dumb darling of his heart and head  
 He drew them, shelters from the cruel night;  
 And cast himself beside it on the floor,  
 Giving his all—e'en Love could do no more.

When the reluctant dawning slowly crept,  
 Through the small, frost-dimmed panes that  
 lit the room,  
 Frozen beside his work the sculptor slept;  
 The strange clothed form stood dusky in  
 the gloom,  
 Only one outstretched arm and hand seemed  
 keeping  
 A guard upon the prostrate figure, sleeping.

Sleeping? A sleep no lingering trump of  
 Fame  
 Could startle back to life that proved too  
 hard;  
 No tardy recognition of his name  
 Could wake the dead, to take the slow re-  
 ward.  
 They raised him in a reverence learned too  
 late,  
 And looked upon his work, and knew it great.

They laid him somewhere up at Père-la-Chaise,  
 And raised, years afterwards, a cenotaph  
 "To the great master." From their destined  
 place  
 Do spirits ever look on us and laugh,  
 A laugh that Heaven may rob of bitterness,  
 At all the fleeting creeds we men profess?

As for his work, they had it, as you see,  
 Wrought in Sicilian marble rich and rare;  
 Only, for all they bore it carefully,  
 The lifted arm snapped on the narrow stair,  
 His coat had slipped from it, so frail the rags;  
 It shattered, frozen, on the frozen flags.

And so it is, as others look to praise  
 On this, the glory of my gallery, I  
 Half lose its beauty, seeing, as I gaze,  
 Its author lying down alone to die.  
 Such fate is somewhat hard to understand.  
 Yes, one does sorely miss the arm and hand.  
 All The Year Round.

## SUMMER SKETCHING.

DARK cloudlets trail across the sky,  
 Like home-bound cranes, in line extended  
 The fires of sunset flare and die,  
 In pageant brief and splendid.  
 The rippling gold is darkening grey,  
 Save where white foam-breaks fleck the bay;  
 And sky and ocean far away  
 Are softly blended.

She haunts that salt-aired heathy seat;  
 She loves to sink her feet in grasses,  
 And hear the long waves roll and beat,  
 And watch the great cloud-masses,  
 And strive, with ardor over-bold,  
 Some lovely look to catch and hold;  
 Some violet shade, some gleam of gold,  
 That peeps and passes.

"Ah me!" she sighs, "to make my own  
 Those mystic shades that evening etches!  
 To catch that wistful twilight tone  
 O'er all the dim sea-stretches!"  
 Nay, lovely dreamer, clear your look,  
 And haste to yonder leafy nook,  
 Where some one waits to take the book  
 And praise the sketches.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

From The Contemporary Review.

# FAITH HEALING AND FEAR KILLING.

RELIGIOUS enthusiasm and scientific medicine, far as they seem to be apart, have one thing in common. The records of both abound in cases of extraordinary cures of disease effected by faith. The faith which accomplishes the religious cures is faith in holy men, holy prayers, or, it may be, holy oil, holy thorns, and holy water; and the faith which brings about the medical cures is faith in doctors (not necessarily holy), in bread pills and impotent ointments.

To judge from a remarkable article in a former number of the *Contemporary Review*, there could be, in the eyes of an eminent London physician, nothing more ridiculous than the assertion of a pilgrim to Lourdes or Bethshan that he had been healed by a special exercise of divine mercy; while, judging from such a work as Dr. Tuke's "Influence of the Mind on the Body" (London, 1884), nothing is more scientifically certain than that a large number of persons have been healed of all manner of diseases by bread pills. The lay mind can with difficulty admit that there is essential absurdity in attributing recovery from sickness to prayer, and no absurdity in attributing it to bread pills.

That there is really such a thing as faith healing appears to my judgment a fact beyond dispute. Three-fourths — perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say nineteen-twentieths — of the stories of cures of the religious class are, undoubtedly, myths, frauds, exaggerations, fallacies of memory or of reporting; and quite as many of the medical kind may be divided between silly self-deceptions and the arrant falsehoods of interested quacks. All deductions made, however, there remains, I am convinced, a certain number of cures of both classes, of which no sufficient account can be given on any theory of either fraud, or mistake, or natural recovery; cures which meet the following definitions: —

1. The antecedent presence of serious disease, either functional or organic, has been established on sufficient testimony.

2. The cure has been sufficiently sudden to exclude the hypothesis of a spontaneous termination of the disease.
3. The cure has been effected without the exhibition of any drug or therapeutic appliance which could be recognized as adequate to the result.

No candid reader of ecclesiastical history can, I think, doubt that cures fulfilling the above conditions have occurred many times in different ages and countries, and under many different phases of religious belief; and, equally assuredly, readers of such works as Sir Henry Holland's, Dr. Carpenter's, and Dr. Tuke's must admit that cases of the lower kind of faith healing have likewise occurred not unfrequently. The former "miracles" are treated by men of science, when they deign to refer to them at all, with unmitigated scorn, because they are associated with what they deem to be contemptible superstitions, and have been usually recorded by witnesses ignorant of anatomy and physiology who make ridiculous blunders in describing disease. The latter are dealt with more leniently, even with good-humored levity, as examples of the helpless credulity of patients, and of the action of a faculty which the writers (who may be great physiologists, but are certainly not psychologists) are "pleased to call "imagination." But both classes of faith healing are, assuredly, deserving of quite other modes of treatment than these. They form, to say the least, singular reversals of the usual order of medical art, whereby it is sought to minister even to a "mind diseased" through the stomach; while the glimpse they afford us of a mighty magic capable of transforming sickness to health, and causing the lame to walk and the deaf to hear, should make us sigh rather than smile, if we be driven to the conclusion that the wand which works such beneficial wonders is beyond our grasp.

Philosophic efforts hitherto made to reach the secret of faith healing have been few, comparatively to the interest of the subject. They have not gone deep, and have been singularly barren of practical results. We are told of the value of "expectant attention" in effecting the cures of pilgrims to holy shrines, and of patients

who swallow inert drugs; and of these last Dr. Tuke has afforded us a most amusing series of examples culled from Dr. Lisle and Sir John Forbes's celebrated article, "Young Physic," in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, January, 1846. We hear also of the immense potency of the will, as exemplified by Andrew Crosse, who got over an attack of hydrophobia by sheer dint of pluck (Memoirs, p. 125), and by Edward Irving, who preached a splendid sermon in the agonies of Asiatic cholera. But no effort, that I am aware of, has been made to bring the two kinds of faith healings which bear such obvious analogies, under any common law, or to construct a theory which shall explain their essential nature. Thus we find ourselves at the end of the nineteenth century, as regards this great agency, very much in the position which our forefathers occupied two centuries ago as regards electricity, when their experiments were limited to rubbing bits of amber and the backs of cats. Where are the Franklins and the Wheatstones of faith healing? Is it endurable that the use of a great beneficent power in our nature should forever be limited, as now, to fanatics and fools? Cannot sensible and rationally religious persons be admitted to a share of the priceless advantage? "Sickness," said Dr. Moxon, oracularly rebuking Bethshan, "is too serious to be trifled with by fanatics."\* It is also too serious to be trifled with by doctors, who try diverting experiments on their patients with bread pills and pretended bleedings, wooden tractors and Braidism. But if, either from the fanatics or the doctors, we can obtain a clue to the mystery of faith healing carried on by both, we need not fear the charge of "trifling with sickness."

The inquiry into this subject is interesting likewise from another point of view beside utility. We are distracted in these days by perpetual talk about the action of body on the mind. Morals and psychology in the hands of the dominant school

of biologists and novelists bid fair to become mere branches of pathology; sin being reduced to a symptom of a disordered liver, and genius in its heaven-soaring flights being brought down to a superior supply of blood to a well-convoluted brain. No sacred sentiment in human nature, not even the love of a mother for her child, escapes being stripped of its robe of beauty and sanctity, and nakedly presented to us as the mere result of the physical conditions of the relation. No action, howsoever divinely heroic, will henceforth be attributed to the self-sacrificing spirit of the martyr or the patriot, but only to the "combativeness of the male animal" developed by "sexual selection." Double-sided beings as we are—every feeling and every act being like the convex and concave sides of the shield, half mind, half matter,—we have hitherto needed to be reminded in the triumph of life, as by the slave beside the Roman victor's car, "Thou art mortal;" there is a physical analogue to all which our souls feel and do, and the body must not be forgotten. It was reserved for modern science to ignore, *not* the body, but the soul; to treat the material moiety of our being as the primary and all-important, perhaps the only really existent part of it; and to instruct us, as we tread the Via Dolorosa of our earthly way: "Remember thou art *not* a hero, not a martyr, not a saint; only a parcel of bone and tissue, flesh and blood, which any chemist could reduce to a few phials of water and white powder, and range on a shelf in the South Kensington Museum." I venture to think that it would be well, even in the interests of scientific truth, to pay a little more attention to the front of the shield; to study psychology a little more, and physiology, possibly, a little less. An inquiry into the laws of that mysterious power of which we are speaking as lodged in the mind, and thence stepping forth to transform the conditions of the body, would seem, of all others, best fitted to counterbalance the materialist doctrines of the Büchner and Carl Vogt school. Were a science of psychical therapeutics really to be formulated, it would both supply us with the most potent of remedial agencies, and

\* Bethshan—it is a little startling to learn—is known to the profane as post-office No. 10 Drayton Park, Holloway Road, N., between Highbury and Holloway stations of the North London and Great Northern Railways.

likewise help us, more than any other knowledge, to understand our own double natures — soul and body, spirit and matter, demi-god and demi-brute.

Who will step forward and help to clear the way for this science of psycho-therapeutics? At present, even when a doctor has himself effected astonishing cures by such things as a few crumbs of biscuit, it never seems to occur to him to prosecute his investigations. As Dr. Hack Tuke says of some such dull physicians:—

With regard to the experiments made by Dr. Haygarth and others with wooden tractors, it can hardly fail to surprise the reader that these observers were content to stop when they had proved that their instruments were as potent as if metallic. They had relieved their patients by *something* sooner than they would otherwise have been relieved, and yet it never occurred to them to continue the practice. They called this *something* "imagination," and thought that was quite sufficient to dispose of the whole subject. (Influence, etc., vol. ii., p. 260.)

Men who ransack the mineral and vegetable kingdoms of nature, and torture the animal, to find out the secrets of diseases and their remedies, are strangely content to leave this great battery of healing power locked up. They sneer at the fanatics and smile at the fools who are healed by prayer or bread pills, and say "these people who know not the law" (of science) are besotted. But even the exasperating recurrence of whole cycles of religious miracles, and the still more obnoxious successes of quacks, fail to rouse them to sift the matter to the bottom, and try if they cannot, with all their science, equal Lourdes or Knock, and cure their patients honestly, without condescending to bamboozle them with bread pills. If the mind of a silly or stupid person can be inspired so as to make it heal his body, surely the mind of an intelligent and rational person (which, by the hypothesis, must be much the stronger and more fitted to cope with disease), ought to be equally open to influence. It is a disgrace to science to be obliged to confess that old Burton is still right, and that "an empirick oftentimes doth more strange cures than a rational physician." He goes on to add, "because the patient puts his confidence in him;"

but the reason is a circular argument, for why does the patient believe in the "empirick" more than in the rational physician, save that he knows the former has wrought more cures than the latter? The position of sundry eminent surgeons and physicians to-day, as regards bone-setters and various medical heretics, is like that which the astronomer royal would hold had Zadkiel foretold an eclipse which he had failed to predict. When they find they cannot cure our rheumatism, our paralysis, and twenty other maladies, surely our physicians might help us to obtain the mysterious benefits which have been derived from bread pills. Such is the weakness of human nature, that I fear the majority of us would elect to recover in the most irregular and unscientific manner rather than die *secundum artem* by orthodox medicine, leaving our mourning relatives to find the consolation conveyed by inscribing on our tombstones, "Physicians *was* in vain!"

The aim of such an inquiry as I would fain see undertaken would be twofold: first, by the correlation and examination of credible cases of faith healing to ascertain what is the efficient factor in each — the essential element, probably common to all, whereby the cure is actually brought about; secondly, the possible employment of this essential healing agency at will in the cure of disease without descent either into fanaticism or quackery. Let us briefly catalogue the various classes of faith healing under the definitions given in the last page. They fall, I apprehend, into the following categories:—

- (a) Cures wrought by a man or woman supposed to administer divine healing.
- (b) Cures wrought by relics, holy water, etc., supposed to convey divine healing.
- (c) Cures wrought by charms, amulets, etc., supposed to convey a supernatural — though not necessarily divine — healing.
- (d) Cures wrought by a man or woman supposed to transmit a natural healing.
- (e) Cures wrought by sham medicines and medical appliances supposed to convey natural healing.

In class (a) we have a man or woman prominently engaged as the healer. Historically he or she is generally distinguished by a great personal reputation for sanctity, but sometimes, as in the case of popes and of kings and queens, who "touched" for the evil, by the sacredness of their office.\* What part does this healer play in the cures he performs, and what other part belongs to the person who is healed by faith in him? Does James, the healer, transmit a force, a virtue, an effluence of some sort, directly to the *body* of John, the person healed? Or does James only influence John's *mind* by the recognized means of an impressive personality or rank, and leave the healing to be accomplished by John's mind, thus vividly impressed, on John's body? This is the first question to be answered in any inquiry into faith healing, and it needs to be carefully examined. The ordinary view is of course the first. It is assumed that a healing virtue (*divinus*) proceeds straight from James to John's body. I must state my reasons for being of a different opinion.

In the first place, all evidence goes to show that the *sine quâ non* of a successful experiment in miracle-working is the faith of the patient. "Not many mighty works" have been done in any time or place where "unbelief" prevailed. This faith would not be indispensable if the cure were effected by a material force or effluence reaching directly the body of the patient. Secondly, an equally large number of cures (class *b*) have been wrought by relics, holy water, and such objects, which may be understood vividly to affect the *mind* of a believer, but from which it is impossible to think that a physical healing force or effluence can have been dispensed.

For these reasons I am convinced that all genuine cases of religious faith healing have been wrought purely by mental influence.

That I may not pain the feelings of any reader, I will not attempt to analyze from

this point of view the healing miracles of the gospels (notably the cures of epileptics and maniacs), but cite the observations upon them of the Bishop of London, than which in my humble judgment nothing can be more just or philosophical. Here are his remarks in his Bampton Lectures for 1884:—

Take, again, our Lord's miracles of Healing. There is no question at all that the power of the mind over the body is exceedingly great, and has never yet been thoroughly examined. Some have assigned to this cause the extraordinary cures that have been undeniably wrought at the shrines, or on sight or touch of relics, of Roman Catholic Saints. . . . It is quite conceivable that many of His miracles of healing may have been the result of this power of mind over body which we are now considering. It is possible that they may be due, not to an interference with the uniformity of Nature, but to a superiority in his mental power to the similar power possessed by other men. Men seem to possess this power both over their own bodies and over the bodies of others, in different degrees. (The Relations of Religion and Science, p. 199, *et seq.*)

Putting aside, however, the miracles of the gospel as not desirable subjects for our argument, we are elsewhere supplied with abundance of others; as, for example, in the records of the miracles of St. Francis and numberless other saints, of Apollonius of Tyana, of Valentine Greatrakes, of Prince Hohenlohe, and of Father Mathew.

If such "miracles," then, be explicable as results of strong mental excitement—the same in kind though greater in degree than we have all experienced,—we are forbidden by the law of parsimony to seek an explanation of them farther away, in any material force or effluence.

(*b*) The second class of faith healing supports the same conclusion with even greater cogency. As I have already said, a healing force proceeding from a living saint is just conceivable; but one issuing from holy water, oil, thorns, old bones, nails, hair, and bits of wood, is hardly within rational acceptance. Especially when it is noted that fictitious relics (such as the pieces of the "true cross," of which there are said to be enough to build a ship) are just as efficacious as others, we cannot fail to see that it is through the believing mind of the patient that the healing is achieved. As he approaches the holy shrine, to which he has perhaps made a long and toilsome pilgrimage,—the longer and more toilsome the better,—or is anointed on his sick bed, amid the

\* See Macaulay's account of the "balsamic virtues of the royal hand," which William III. so unkindly declined to exercise. Dr. Carpenter (Mental Physiology, p. 686) tells us: "Not only theologians of eminent learning, ability, and virtue gave the sanction of their authority to the belief, but some of the principal surgeons of the day certified that the cures were so numerous and rapid that they could not be attributed to any natural cause, and thus the failures were to be ascribed to want of faith on the part of the patients. Charles II. in the course of his reign had touched near a hundred thousand persons." The service appointed by the Church of England for these royal healings was only withdrawn from the Prayer-book after the reign of Queen Anne.

tears and solemn prayers of his friends, the tide of religious emotion rises in the man's soul as in the presence of a living apostle.

The third class (*c*) of faith healings, wrought by charms and amulets, common among uneducated people to this day in England, and everywhere implicitly believed among savages, are so obviously cures wrought by *mental* stimulus alone (whenever wrought at all), that it is needless to speak of them at any length in this connection.

The fourth class (*d*) of cures includes those wrought by men supposed to possess natural healing powers. Here we find ourselves in the midst of the mesmeric and hypnotic controversies, into which I confess myself unable to penetrate. One point connected with them, which supports the view that faith healings are purely subjective, is—that the phenomena produced when a powerful mesmerist makes passes over his patient and *seems* to fling the magnetic fluid upon him, are very nearly matched by the phenomena produced by Braidism and hypnotism, where no mesmerist is concerned. As I have said, I feel incompetent to deal with this matter. There are many other cures, however, worked by faith in men or women quite independently of either mesmeric or religious pretensions, *e.g.*, in the case of doctors of great reputation, whose mere presence in the sick-room does more good than their prescriptions.

Lastly, we reach the fifth (*e*) class of faith healings—cures wrought by sham medical appliances supposed to possess natural healing powers. In this department of the subject we have certainly evidence galore of the power of purely mental impressions to heal disease. It is impossible to catalogue the absurd and absolutely inert drugs and agencies which—necessarily impotent on the *body* of the patient—have been powerful enough in their influence on his *mind* to enable that mind to cure his body. As Hunter remarked of one of them (a spider's web made into pills), it is necessary that they be administered "*with the knowledge of the patient*, else they have no effect at all." It is, then, his mental *impression* of their potency wherein all their potency resides. Dr. Carpenter admits that these sham medicines produce their effect not only in maladies in which nervous disorders have a share, but also in some, such as scurvy and gout, which "seem to depend on the existence of a definite perversion in the condition of the blood." He

quotes from Lind "On Scurvy" a story of the siege of Breda in 1625, when the garrison were in so deplorable a state from scurvy that they were on the point of capitulating when the Prince of Orange managed to send three small phials containing a decoction of chamomile and camphor to the doctors, who gave out that four or five drops in a gallon of water was an infallible remedy for scurvy. The "prince's remedy" thoroughly checked the disease, and restored numbers who had been invalided. (See "Mental Physiology," p. 688.)

We have now briefly surveyed the different kinds of faith healings, from the noblest to the basest, and having found reason to attribute the cure to an influence exerted primarily on the mind of the patient, we are in a position to proceed to the main inquiry: What is the nature of that influence on the mind which enables it to conquer the diseases of the body?

We must dismiss the idle notion which seems so strangely to have contented the majority of writers and talkers on this subject, that it is enough to name some one faculty of the mind as concerned in the case, as if by so doing we explained the *modus operandi* of the cure; such, *e.g.*, as hope, expectant attention, or imagination.

Most absurd is it to speak of imagination, as is constantly done even by thoughtful medical writers, as if it were a faculty which not only "images"—*i.e.*, supplies unreal pictures in the mind—but is likewise capable of projecting itself into the material world as a force, like electricity. Indolent and baffled inquirers seem to think it convenient to refer in this way to imagination, because it appears a sort of Puck or Ariel among our faculties, and less amenable to law than memory or judgment, either of which it would be just as monstrous to cite as the proximate cause of the cure of a disease. It is to throw psychology into hotch-pot to apply the name of the *vision-creating* faculty to something which performs physical miracles. Of course it is open to any one to maintain in each given case that the *original disease* was imaginary, and consequently that the supposed cure was only the patient's restoration to reason; as when a man awakes from a dream and says, "I imagined I had lost my leg, and am glad to find I have done nothing of the kind." But it is sheer nonsense to describe his *awakening* and coming back to his senses as the result of imagination. When a disease has been accurately diag-

nosed by a competent physician, and pronounced to be serious, there is no room left for imagination to play in the cure. The cure, if wrought at all, must be effected by some real agent, such as we assume the soul itself to be; for the mere picturing faculty which we call imagination can at the most have only supplied some stimulus to the mind or soul. But if neither imagination nor, for similar reasons, hope nor attention can of themselves produce a cure of bodily disease, what are we to think of the entity, of which they are but faculties and phases, which must be the real agent — an agent which, without recognizable machinery, suddenly steps forth to assuage pain and to send a flood of fresh vitality through the diseased tissues and palsied limbs of its own fleshly companion?

With all due hesitation in treating such a matter I would say that the truth seems to me to be this: That part of us which we call mind, soul, or spirit, and which in its ordinary relations with the body resembles a coupled dog, now pulling its companion its own way, now pulled by it in an opposite direction, is capable, under certain exceptional and as yet obscure conditions, of entirely mastering its mate. It can render the body insensible to the pain of mutilation on the battlefield, or of fiery dissolution at the martyr's stake; and it can effect, independently of any extraneous agency, such a change in the processes of physical life — the circulation, the innervation, we know not what — as to banish disease and reinstate health.

So far as we understand them at present, the conditions under which this soul healing is accomplished seem always to be those of *excitement*. They are not capable of being produced voluntarily and spontaneously by the subject, but must be created by something outside of himself. That something may be — and in the higher kinds of soul healing I presume always is — an exalting idea presented to the mind either by some grand personality, or by a relic or token suggestive of sacred or patriotic sentiments, and touching those chords which vibrate deepest in the human heart. The theory recently put forth by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, speaking of Braidism — that the state in which the mind is abnormally concentrated on a bodily condition is that wherein its influence is at a maximum — is, in my humble opinion, the very reverse of the truth. It is, I hold, precisely when the mind is most completely *lifted above* the body and its pathological conditions, that

it can exert its supreme spiritual faculty of healing. Concentration of the mind on the body is the source, I conceive, always of disease, not of health. There are also, as we have noted, other and lower stimulants of the excitement which may suffice to produce healing results; the most commonly effectual being the hope of recovery through the use of some nostrum.

The last and supreme problem regarding soul healing, *Can we find out how to apply it?* is of course the real crux of all. Unfortunately the persons who are just now so busy in endeavoring to accomplish faith cures of the religious kind — some of them very humble and obviously silly folks, others on a much higher social and intellectual level — are all on the wrong tack (if the views stated in this paper be correct) to discover a real method of faith healing. They persist in looking "for the angel to stir the waters," instead of seeking the natural fount of hope and courage and piety in each man's bosom.\*

\* I am informed that the "true" faith-healing people do not allow the use of any "means" whatever.

If any reader desire to see the exceeding nonsense which can be written and printed on this subject, he is referred to a book which has passed through nine editions in America — viz., "Science and Health, with a Key to the Scriptures," by Mrs. Eddy, president of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College (2 vols. 8vo, Boston, 1884). The following are specimens of the counsels of Mrs. Eddy on "healing the sick," vol. i., p. 180: —

"Argue there is no disease. It is but the evidence and object of the senses you have to destroy, not a reality. . . . Say to the patient mentally, you are not sick, and hold your ground with the skill of a lawyer. Argue down the witnesses against your plea, and you will destroy those witnesses, and the disease will disappear. Rely not in the least on the evidence of the senses, but on the evidences in metaphysical science of man's harmony and immortality. . . . Avoid talking disease to the sick. Make no unnecessary inquiries relative to their symptoms; never . . . give them names for their diseases. . . .

"If the case to be treated is consumption, begin your argument by taking up the leading points . . . showing that it is not inherited; that inflammation, tubercles, hæmorrhage, and decomposition are but thoughts, beliefs, mental images before mortal minds, not the immortal mind. Hence they are not the truth of man, and should be treated as error — put out of mind, and then they will disappear from the body. . . ."

And again, vol. i., p. 193: "Conservatism or dishonesty (f) in the theory or practice of metaphysics applied to the treatment of disease would betray a gross ignorance of the whole subject. Disease can neither be treated nor healed metaphysically if drugs or external applications are employed; and petitioning a personal God to do your work, or enable you to do it, is not metaphysics, wherein truth works, and you understand the divine principle of your demonstration. Animal magnetism, clairvoyance, mediumship, or mesmerism are antagonistic to this science."

Vol. i., p. 248: "Bathing and brushing, to correct the secretions or remove unhealthy exhalations from the cuticle, receive a useful rebuke from Christian healing, that makes not clean the outside of the platter."

Vol. i., p. 228: "That mother is not a metaphysician, and her affections need better aids to their duration, who says to her child 'You look sick,' or 'You look tired,' etc., or who goes to her little one fallen on her nose on the carpe, and, moaning more childishly than

We now reach the gravest side of this matter. If faith and piety and hope so elevate and stimulate the soul as to enable it to dispel disease, like Gabriel in Guido's picture striking down Lucifer, then, beyond all doubt, mistrust and pessimism and fear must correspondingly depress the soul, and leave Lucifer master of the situation. In this case also, it is literally true that "he who will save his life shall lose it." He who values his life beyond the purposes for which life was given, will forfeit it by his sickly anxieties. As Mill found of happiness, so it holds good of health; neither are to be attained by making it the chief object of mortal care. How, then, do we now stand as regards *fear killing*, the antithesis of faith healing? It seems to me that alongside of the gains which have accrued to our generation from the progress of hygienic science, we have acquired habits of mind which go far to counterbalance them. Proverbially, a brave man dies but once, a coward a thousand times; and we are coming perilously near the verge of cowardice. Forty years ago Kingsley took up his parable, and preached well and wisely of religious obedience to the natural laws of health. But had his noble life lasted till now, his voice, I think, would have been loudest in the denunciation of that *hygeiolatry* which threatens to become our only religion. Kingsley adjured us to preserve health that we might the better serve God with vigorous brains and hands. We coddle ourselves, chiefly, it is to be feared, for our own comfort, and ardently cherish this life, having no particular expectation of another. While our fathers considered the most sublime line in French poetry to be the profession of Joad, —

Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point  
d'autre crainte;

her child, says, 'Mamma knows you are hurt.' Drugs, cataplasms, and whiskey are shocking substitutes for the dignity and potency of mind and the divine power to heal. Through the byways of physiology and materia medica to lead man into temptation in every direction is pitiful."

"Palsy is a belief that attacks mortal mind, and this mind paralyzes the body through fear. Ossification or any abnormal condition of the bones is the action of mortal mind as directly as insanity. Bones have no more substance than thoughts, and are only what they are named by and appear to mortal mind. What we call matter was primitively error in solution." (1)

P. 253: "Called to the bed of death, what remedy have we in matter when all its remedies have failed? Mind must be our only resort at last. There is no death. All is mind. There is no matter: 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

What the "president" means by "metaphysics" in these volumes can only be known, we should think, to the fortunate students of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College.

we have ceased to fear God, and learned to fear microbes.

Two causes contribute to this change. One is the decline of faith; the other is that advancement of science which places us in the position of the poor Brahmin who was cruelly induced to look through a microscope and perceive all the unsuspected monsters in a drop of the water he was drinking. Whether the old belief in an over-ruling Providence was, or was not, well-founded, its superior suitability to produce courage as contrasted with scientific physical determinism, is obvious enough. Upon our generation it has come to lose in great degree that *Abhängigkeitsgefühl* which Schleiermacher deemed the very foundation of religion; and with it the sense of being

Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
As in the natal, in the mortal hour.

No one talks now of "every bullet having its billet," or thinks of life as an "appointed span." The bullet proceeds by the laws of dynamics, and the length of life is determined by those of biology. If we desire that our days may be long in the land, we know that that end must be sought exclusively by sanitary and hygienic precautions; and that (barring accidents) it depends exclusively on how successfully we "struggle for existence" whether our existence will be extended for a longer or shorter period.

No one can doubt that this scientific view must prove in the long run more conducive to caution than the motion of a providential span, or of fate, or a planet, or kismet; and accordingly we practically find all around us evidences of redoubled care concerning the conditions of health. Of course in many directions this new caution is good and rational. More temperate diet, more airy bedrooms, better drained houses, and more effectual ablutions, are real improvements on the habits of our ancestors. But the excess to which hygienic precautions are carried, the *proportion* which such cares now occupy amid the serious interests of life, is becoming absurd, and conducting us rapidly to a state of things wherein, if we are not killed by fear, we are paralyzed by it for all natural enjoyment. The old healthful, buoyant spirit seems already fled from the majority of English homes. Aged people (from this and, no doubt, other concurrent causes) seldom exhibit now that gentle gaiety which so often brightened with hues of sunset the long, calm evening of a well-spent life, after the "six days' work" was

done. The middle-aged are one and all hag-ridden by anxiety; and as to the young, if we may trust the reports which reach us from the great schools, a very marked change has come over them, curiously indicative of the sensitiveness of young souls to the chill breath of the *Zeitgeist*. The lads have grown colder and harder, and are interested in pecuniary profits rather than in nobler professional ambitions. Nay, we have been told (it is a large demand upon credulity!) that English schoolboys have almost ceased to be reckless about heat and cold, about eating indigestible things, about climbing trees and precipices, about going on deep water in unseaworthy boats; in short, about all those pursuits which excited the perennial alarms of their fond mothers. Many boys are to be found, it is stated (I write always under reservation), who may be described as Molly-coddles, so cautious are they about their health and their limbs. Urchins in round jackets speak of the danger of checking perspiration after cricket, and decline to partake of unripe apples and pastry on the never-before-heard-of ground of dyspepsia. Invited in the holidays to the ecstatic "lark" of a long excursion on horseback, they have declined with reference to the playfulness of their pony's heels; and have been seen to shrink from a puppy's caressing tongue, murmuring the ominous word "rabies." In short, our girls, who are just acquiring physical courage as a new virtue, are sometimes braver than their brothers, who think it "good form" to profess disinclination to risk their valuable persons.

It is not a small matter that this ebb should be noticeable anywhere in the tide of English manly courage. On the contrary, if it continue the results must be deplorable. For our present purpose it is enough to point out that all this new-born caution about their health (to which, perhaps, the very undesirable study of physiology by schoolboys has in some schools contributed) will at the best create a generation of hypochondriacs and valetudinarians, not of robust and stalwart Englishmen.

The fears of which we have been speaking, fostered by over-attention to the conditions of health and longevity, may not literally kill anybody. It may be carrying the paradox too far to say we shall die of them, or even that they may not be successful in lengthening our calendar by a few days. But the gain will be *nil* if they render every one of those days pitiful and mean and *mesquin*. Life, to be

worth living, must be concerned with quite other things besides diseases, draughts, and drains; and we want to *live*, not merely to *postpone death* and die by inches through half a century.

The general pessimism which weighs on us all, the *Atra Cura* who has mounted behind every horseman, and whom no amount of tobacco-smoking seems to dislodge, are lowering the vitality of our generation. Hope is the true *elixir vite*, and instead of "hoping all things" with St. Paul, we fear all things with Dr. Richardson. One of the greatest artists of the day gave us two years ago—possibly without precisely intending it—a bitter satire on our age. The radiant goddess, whom Collins described with "eyes so fair," trilling her "delighted measure," Mr. Watts depicted as a blindfolded patient out of the Brompton Hospital, bent in a curve like an ammonite rather than a vertebrate creature, over a broken-stringed lyre. Such is the Hope of the closing decades of the Victorian era!

We must pass over many examples which might be added of the fear killing prevalent in our time, to speak at some length of the most prominent of those of the last three years—to wit, the hydrophobia scare. The history of this scare, and of Pasteurism as connected therewith, will one day, I doubt not, form a very amusing and instructive chapter in a future continuation of Mackay's "Popular Delusions." We can but glance over it here.

A rare disease, which by its nature is exceptionally closely connected with and controlled by mental impressions, was announced to be suddenly manifesting itself all over the civilized world, from Moscow to Chicago. Mad dogs became as plentiful as blackberries—at least the reports of them in the newspapers were so—and it was difficult to open a daily journal without finding a paragraph adding to the general hue and cry.

That a greater proportion of these newspaper stories belonged to the mythical order of the gooseberry and the sea-serpent goes without saying; and as regards the hapless dogs registered in London as rabid after being battered to death on doorsteps by policemen's truncheons, it is permissible to believe that a large proportion had excited public alarm by simply crying when kicked or run over, or by exhibiting the harmless fits common to teething puppies. On these occasions of popular panic there are always, as in the old witch persecutions, two classes of

enemies to the victims. There is the ubiquitous Mr. Matthew Hopkins, who obtains *kudos*, and perhaps more substantial reward, for every case he detects; and there is the stupid and terrified bystander, whose latent instincts of cruelty come out immediately at the call to slay and torment either a miserable old woman or a mangled dog.

Speaking of the hydrophobia bugbear, which spread consternation through America while our own scare was depriving us of our common sense and our humanity, Dr. Edward Spitzka tells us in the *Forum* for April, 1887:—

In order to determine how great the danger in the United States from rabies is, the writer has carefully followed up all the newspaper reports of alleged outbreaks of the disease. In not a single instance has satisfactory evidence of its existence been obtained. [After detailing the sham cases at Newark, Chicago, etc., he continues:] Scores of observations might be added, all tending to prove that during the past two years there has been no reported case of rabies in man in this country which could not be referred to an error of observation. Before scientific tests all the newspaper alarms are shown to have been either fabrications, exaggerations, or mistakes. [As an example of the exaggerations we may take the following:] In Pennsylvania a number of nervous persons were rendered unhappy by a sensational report that rabies had become epidemic, and that a large number of school-children had been infected by dog-bites. The nucleus of this report was an epileptic fit in a little black-and-tan dog, induced by his having swallowed a chicken-bone!\*

We are very far, indeed, from making light of the terrible disease of hydrophobia when it ever really afflicts man, woman, or child. But the whole history of this scare bears a false ring which provokes incredulity. In the first place, we all know how reporters by the hundred are daily seeking provender to feed scores of newspapers which require fresh supplies every morning; and we know that the welcome given by editors to every scrap of intelligence bearing on a subject which for the moment is "up" in public interest, secures the particularly careful supply of the article so in demand. This alone accounts no doubt for a multitude of these mad-dog paragraphs. But there has been at work in this particular instance something more than every-day press hunger. There has been wire-pulling going on from the side of that medical clique which is notoriously potent on the staff of some of

the leading journals. As the *Referee* last August acutely observed:—

One thing is certain. The present epidemic of rabies did not begin till M. Pasteur was ready for it. If he were to-morrow to abandon his experiments in this direction, we should hear of very few cases of mad dogs. The panic would have died out long ago, but it has been fomented by the press in the interests of Pasteurism; and when the mad dog has not been available for sensational treatises, the mad dog has been invented.

Had no hydrophobia scare been raised, and if it had been generally understood that many more men die every year from the kicks of horses than from the bites of dogs,\* Pasteur would have obtained no such apotheosis as was prepared for him. But by carefully spreading the panic of "mad dog," the successful vivisector, as the great deliverer from mad dogs, was elevated to so lofty an eminence in public opinion that an English religious newspaper spoke of him as a "God-sent healer," and compared his virus kitchen in the Rue d'Ulm to the Mount of Galilee.

Whether, besides exulting over every real or fictitious case of rabies, Pasteur's admirers are responsible for actually causing the disease in some of the infected animals, is a question not to be dismissed hastily. Mr. G. H. Lewes told the Royal Commission on Vivisection, "When one man publishes an experiment there are people all over Europe who will set about to repeat it, and repeat it, and repeat it." It is therefore excusable to surmise that some of the physiologists who have been so loud in their praises of Pasteur, have repeated his inoculations, and that some of the dogs on which they have tried the preventive method have subsequently developed the disease, and have communicated it to other dogs through whole districts. Pasteur and his followers have been playing with a tremendous poison of which the properties are utterly unascertained, and we may never know the evils they have let loose, both as regards the virus of rabies and of anthrax.†

\* Two hundred and fifty-one persons died in 1886 in consequence of accidents caused by horses and conveyances in the streets of London, and nine from hydrophobia. (See Registrar-General's Annual Summary, pp. ix. and xxvi.)

† A significant incident occurred in Florence some years ago, when opposition was raised to Professor Schiff's enormous consumption of dogs for vivisection. (It was calculated that he had "used" fourteen thousand in ten years, and their skins were said to be too much cut to pieces to be salable for manufacturing purposes.) The indignant physiologist threatened that the ungrateful city would be shortly visited by an epidemic of rabies, and very soon mad dogs were seen on

Perhaps it may be asked, What interest can English scientific men have had in glorifying the French *savant*? He was of course (we may speak in the past tense) an "illustration" of France, of which Frenchmen naturally made the most. But what concern was it of the chorus of English biologists and F.R.S.'s to join the *réclame* in his honor? The reason, I fear, is not far to seek. For twelve years past the English advocates of experiments on living animals have seized on every straw to enable them to answer the challenges of their opponents to produce a case wherein human life had been saved by a discovery due to vivisection. Over and over again they made, with great flourishes of trumpets, in the columns of the *Times*, announcements of wonderful results of their practice, which might, would, could, should, or actually *had* cured hitherto unconquerable disease. By some fatality, however, the discoveries (if such there be) arrived at by this method always prove singularly unfortunate, and fail practically to touch the ills of mortality. Like the revelations of *clairvoyantes*, they sound imposing, and are received by the initiated with rapture. But when it comes to revealing either the number of a bank-note locked in a box or the cure of a disease in the human body, the oracle is either dumb or fallacious.

Now, Pasteur, if his recognition as a successful healer of a dreaded disease could be insured, would afford the best possible argument for doing away with restrictions on English vivisection. As the recent round robin to the College of Surgeons showed, it was thought a good working grievance by the physiologists that they have "to go to Paris for experiments on hydrophobia." If Pasteur's vaunted remedy had been obtained without any cruel experiments, if he had pro-

all sides. In one case a butcher, who appealed to the *Société Protétrice*, alleged that his dog had been in the hands of the great vivisectioner, and had either escaped or been released from the laboratory and returned home, where it exhibited such real or apparent symptoms of rabies that its owner reluctantly put an end to its misery. Shortly afterwards a gentleman actually died of hydrophobia, and so closely did the Florentine populace connect the occurrence with Professor Schiff's prophecy, that they hissed some members of the *Société Protétrice*, who attended the funeral, as authors of the calamity!

While these sheets are passing through the press I have received a letter from a medical man in a remote part of the kingdom, referring to a case of hydrophobia, on which I had made inquiries. He quietly tells me (as if no such thing as the Vivisection Act had been heard of): "I have secured the hound that has developed the symptoms, and myself and my colleagues intend to carry out some experiments by inoculating other animals, and if, as a result of our investigations, we come to any conclusion, I will send you particulars."

fessed to cure hydrophobia by a method brought to light by clinical or microscopical observation, would he have been hailed by the men of science of England as an "illustrious *savant*"? Tell it to the marines!

The proof is conclusive. There are before the world several other remedies for hydrophobia\* carrying quite sufficient testimonials of success to merit the patient investigations of medical inquirers. For example, there is the system of vapor baths, which was known to Celsus, and was brought into prominence by the late Dr. Buisson, who cured himself by such means, and afterwards nearly a hundred patients. But which of all the biologists and doctors who have glorified Pasteur has taken the trouble so much as to read the evidence in favor of these harmless methods of treatment, even when, as in the case of the Buisson baths, they have been largely advertised at the cost of non-medical benevolent persons, and offered gratuitously to needy patients? When Mr. Walter McLaren, in April last, begged the home secretary to issue another commission to examine into the results of the Buisson treatment, the suggestion was at once negated. None save a few unscientific people, who cared *merely* for saving men and animals, exhibited the least interest in the subject.

And what, we now seriously ask, has been the outcome of the monstrous *claque* which has hailed Pasteur as a "benefactor of humanity"? Has he saved life, or been responsible for the loss of it?

The statistics of hydrophobia in France have been of late so manipulated in the interests of Pasteur that it is not easy to clear up the first question. It appears, however, that the average number of deaths from the disease throughout France was 30 per annum from 1850 to 1872. Tardieu calculated them at 24 or 25, and after giving his reasons, added the significant remark that "if these figures did not represent the exact truth they were certainly not far from it," and that "the public mind should not be frightened with larger ones." Previously, in 1863, Boudin had presented to the *Académie de Médecine* a table in which he estimated the annual deaths in France from hydrophobia at 30.† If, then, we assume this to be a

\* As I write I observe in the *Farmacista Italiano* of Naples notice of the alleged cure of sixty-six patients with already developed symptoms of hydrophobia, by means of the *Spiraea filipendula*, administered by Doctor Prince Jagello of Poland, who has made the subject a study for twenty years back.

† See this question discussed by Dr. Lutaud, "M.

fair average, perhaps to be somewhat raised of later years, we ask: What has M. Pasteur achieved in the way of lowering it?

We find that in 1886 the deaths in France from hydrophobia were 39! Of these 22 were of persons inoculated by Pasteur, and 17 of others not inoculated. Thus Pasteur had the opportunity of diminishing the mortality by more than half had his method been effectual. Instead of this we find that the total of deaths exceeded the average by 9!

Taking the rest of the world into view, we have not materials for judging of the average of former years to compare it with the last; but we know that of Pasteur's patients—that is, of persons inoculated in Paris, or by those who are carrying out his system under his direction elsewhere—the number of deaths up to May, 1887, has been 79.

On the other hand, how many lives has the Pasteurian delusion actually cost? For how many deaths are Pasteur and his supporters responsible? He has failed to save more patients than would have been saved, judging by averages, in the natural order of things. Of how many has he caused the death? It would seem clear that he has had two classes of victims:—

1. Those who have died of the "intensive inoculations," which have created the new disease signalized by Dr. Peter before the Académie des Sciences last January, and named ominously *rage de laboratoire*, or *rage paralytique*; the sufferers dying (like the rabbits from which they were immediately inoculated) of paralysis, instead of the ordinary forms of hydrophobia, and feeling pain at the places of inoculation, not of the original bite.

Of this disease eleven persons perished in three months after the introduction of the *méthode intensive*, and thirteen up to date.\*

2. Those (with whom we are more properly concerned in treating of fear killing), whose deaths are due to the panic which has been created to bolster up Pasteurism in Europe and America. How much deadly mischief has been done in this way will never be known, but may be guessed. Before the Pasteurian craze, grooms, gamekeepers, sportsmen, country ladies and gentlemen, were bitten perpetually by dogs and cats, and sometimes by ferrets

and stoats and rats, and thought no more of it than a hedger does of a scratch of a blackthorn. But now that the scare has prevailed everywhere, there is a panic every time a frightened beast uses its natural weapons. If the accident occur in London and to a policeman, the stalwart official marches to Scotland Yard, and solemnly reports at headquarters that his well-gloved fingers have been pinched by a puppy.

To estimate the mischief done in the case of hydrophobia by such a panic as this it is only needful to read the statements and opinions of the writers who have treated of the disease, and who, without exception, connect its development with nervous alarm. Dr. Barthélemy, who cured himself of an attack by sheer resolution, held that the disease was "mainly due to the imagination and irritability of the patient." Professor Fleming says:—

The influence of mental emotions on the development of hydrophobia would appear to be almost unquestionable, and there is every reason to inquire whether the greater mortality resulting from the bites of rabid animals in adult than in young persons may not be attributable, to some extent at least, to this cause. The diseased mind may favor the generation and expedite the recrudescence of the mortal malady.\*

If it were understood (says Dr. Spitzka) that fear and expectant attention may not only develop serious nervous symptoms, but actually cause death, many who are threatened with hydrophobia would cultivate healthful self-control. The moral management of persons bitten by suspicious dogs is a most important matter. A number of cases are on record in which patients suffering from the most agonizing symptoms of "rabies" recovered on hearing that the dog which bit them was alive and well.

The best authorities to-day [say the same writer] incline to regard the majority of cases of reputed rabies in man as spurious. They believe that many of the sufferers who develop the imaginary disease were bitten by animals suffering, not from rabies, but from epilepsy or from gastro-intestinal disease—nay, even by healthy dogs. That the serious and oft-times fatal influence of terror and expectant attention, fostered by popular alarm, is attended by other epidemics of imitative nervous disorder, is a familiar fact to those who have studied the influence of the mind on the body. From the fifteenth century, when Alsatian peasants imagined they were changed into wolves, and ran on all fours, howling and tearing children to pieces, down to the present day, when those dreading hydrophobia bark like dogs and mew like cats, the records

Pasteur et la Rage," chap. xxi.; and by Dr. Constantin James, "M. Pasteur sa nouvelle méthode," etc., p. 16.

\* Namely, Rouyer, Réveillac, Sodini, Née, Wilde, Goffi, Gérard, Letang, Goriot, Foulap, Albert, Alfand, and Beyé.

\* Rabies and Hydrophobia, p. 344.

of hydrophobia are replete to overflowing with delusion, superstition, hysteria, and unconscious simulation. The tragi-comical case of a number of persons dying in the sixteenth century after having eaten of a pig that had been bitten by a dog, which in its turn had been bitten by another and rabid one, found its counterpart a few weeks ago in Russia, where a medical editor, a follower of Pasteur, suggested the treating of a number of persons in the Pasteur Institute at Odessa for no better reason than that they had partaken of milk from a cow bitten by a rabid dog.\*

The Pasteur craze and the hydrophobia bugbear will soon be things of the past; but it will be well to remember for a long time to come that, so far as biological science has a voice in England, it was raised in hosannas to the French *savant*. Those experts in whom the simple lay public is constantly asked to confide, as the only proper judges of the *utility* of cruel experiments on animals (and who would fain be permitted at the same time to settle the morality of the practice), those very experts have proved themselves in this noteworthy case absolutely and even ridiculously mistaken. Either they were not clever enough, or they were not honest and single-minded enough, to discern the unscientific and delusive character of a method which, once it has been exposed in plain language, appears the very climax of charlatanism.† Not one English vivisector charged his French colleague with useless cruelty, and the commission, headed by Sir H. Roscoe, which was sent from England last summer to inquire into the method, forbore for nine months to give its report, or warn the nation that it was being deceived into sending imperilled men and children to undergo a delusive and perhaps dangerous operation. This was all that science did for us, in the face of this huge medical bubble. Those unscientific people who could only apply common sense to the subject and who revolted from the monstrous character of the method, or relied on their religious conviction that by no such barbarous means could real good come to humanity—these people, deafened as they were a year ago by the “Great

is Diana” chorus of the biologists, and insultingly challenged in every newspaper to bow at last at the shrine of beneficent vivisection—these, after all, prove to have been right.

When next there is question of condoning cruelty on the plea of benefiting humanity, it is to be hoped that this instructive history will not be forgotten. Of the moral injury done to the community by sanctioning cruelty there can be no question at all. Of the physical advantages to be purchased by it we have a sample in Pasteurism. An “infinite number” of miserable animals have died in the unutterable agonies of artificially produced rabies: an aggravated form of that awful disease which Mayhew tells us amounts to being *inflamed all over*. And the result of this burnt-offering in the temple of the Rue d’Ulm has been the death of seventy-nine patients, of whom at least a dozen have died unquestionably of their *inoculations*.

Old Selden says in his “Table Talk:” “To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. Men love the man who damns them, and run after him to save them.” The secret has, I fear, been bequeathed to our modern priests the doctors. It is right and proper for them to warn us in moderation; but they do it beyond all reason. “Touch not! Taste not! Handle not! There is death in the pot. ‘Ware microbes here! ‘Ware bacilli there! All the world’s a hospital, and all the men and women merely patients.” There is no end to the “host of spectres pale” which beleaguer us, summoned by their spells and clothed with double terrors by their alarming new scientific titles. But there should be some limits to this perpetual cry of “Wolf! Wolf!” We must all die sooner or later, whether with scientific advisers or without them; and it would, after all, be better to die sooner, pursuing noble objects, performing natural duties, and even enjoying innocent pleasures, than a little later, amid pitiful anxieties and odious messes and inoculations of filth, leading the lives of Molière’s *malade imaginaire*. Perhaps we may never, alas! discover the secret of faith healing; but at least we can avoid fear killing—dying by inches of sheer anxiety to live, and being slain at last by the very dread of death.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

\* The *Forum*, April, 1887, p. 179-186.

† “The neutralization of an already received rabic virus, by successive inoculations, *not* of an antidote but of rabic virus of progressive virulence, and this unaccompanied by the very smallest morbid symptom—such is the great mystery of the new religion.” (M. Pasteur et la Rage, by Dr. Lutaud, p. 67.)

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THOMAS.

## I.

THE most remarkable thing about this little history is that it is quite true. If I knew how, I would make it into a real story going on from month to month in a magazine. But I could never invent the love-making, and without love a story is nothing. I should never know, for instance, what to make May and the doctor say to each other. So I had better put down Thomas's story just as it all happened, and leave fiction to cleverer folk.

Some years ago, twenty and more, after my husband died, I lived in what was then a new street near Westbourne Terrace. It consisted of two rows of houses—very ugly houses outside, though inside they were comfortable enough. I had three little girls; the eldest, May, was just five, a pretty little thing with golden hair and blue eyes. I often wish I had had her portrait painted. The others were quite tiny—four, and two and a half. The last was born a week before the news came from India that her father had died of sunstroke.

Opposite to us there was a house to be let. For a long time it was quite empty, bill in the window, dirt on the windows, dust on the steps, dreary and deserted. Suddenly one morning, though the bill was not taken down, the windows were cleaned, the steps swept, and a small cart-load of shabby furniture carried in. Evidently a care-taker had been put in charge, and I was glad of it, for it is never very safe to leave a house absolutely empty.

I used to sit by the window a good deal and knit. I had so much to think about that I could not settle to anything else. Books were never much in my way, and as for going out I never cared for it much even as a girl. So I used to sit and knit, seeing through the thick screen of plants on the window-sill all that went on in the street. Sometimes I saw the care-taker opposite going in and out, he and his wife and their two little children. He looked very respectable, but broken down and terribly thin; he was evidently far gone in consumption. The woman seemed worried and anxious, as well she might, poor soul; and in her arms there was always a skinny little baby, her third child. They were of the artisan class, and very poor, of course, or they would not have been taking care of an empty house. I used to wonder if they had enough to eat, for they all looked white and thin and half-starved.

The next time I went to the landlord's office I asked about them, and was told that they were respectable Cornish people, but Cornwall was starvation now, and there was nothing for any one to do. They had come to London a few years before, and the man, who was a mechanic, had kept his family well till he broke down in health. He could do nothing now, was an outdoor patient at Brompton Hospital, and had only the allowance from his club, and the few shillings his wife sometimes earned by going out to work.

There was a large leg of mutton for the children's dinner the next day. I cut off half-a-dozen good slices, put them between two hot dishes with some vegetables, and sent them to the Cornish folk. They were very grateful, the servant said, when she returned, and the dishes were brought back by the little boy, with "Father's much obliged, and it did him a world of good." One day a box of flowers came from the country, so I made up a nosegay and sent it across to the poor, wasted-looking care-taker. This brought the woman, with tears in her eyes, to thank me.

"My husband he do like to smell a flower, ma'am," she said. "It's many a day now since he has seen them growing in the ground." Then I asked her if I might go and see him sometimes, or perhaps he would like a paper and some books now and then? The woman's face brightened. "He would be pleased, ma'am, indeed," she said. "It's long since any one went to talk to him, and I often think it's dull for him. I doubt if I have him much longer," she added simply; "and it's likely you can feel for me, ma'am."

So I went over to see Mr. Lobb. He was sitting by the fire, warming his long thin hands.

"I am glad to see you, ma'am," he said, with the almost perfect manner one sometimes finds among working people who have not lived much in towns. "I would have come over to thank you for your kindness, but feared you might think it a liberty. I spend most of my time trying to keep warm by a bit of fire."

He was very simple and kindly. He knew that he was going to die, and faced it like a man. He spoke of it without fear or affectation. "It worries me to think of the wife and children," he said. "A man should not marry as I did, with nothing put by. I subscribed to a club, of course, and it's kept us from starving, and it'll bury me, but that's all. I ought to have

saved before I married, and so ought every man. One is always so sure one is going to live when one feels strong. Well, God is good, and he'll take care of them," he added with a sigh, and a month later in that simple faith he died.

Then it became a question of what was to be done with the widow and children. The woman was delicate; there was the skinny baby, a little girl of six called Gracie, and Thomas, — they always called him by his full old-fashioned name, — who was ten, or barely ten.

"I would like to stay in London; there's more going on, and I'd be more likely to get something," the poor woman said, when a proposal was made to send her back to her native place. "They be very poor in Cornwall where I came from; it would be no good going back; father and mother are dead, and there was only one other of us, my brother Joe, and he went off to Melbourne long ago."

"Couldn't you send to him?" I asked; "he might do something for you."

"I have sent, ma'am," she answered; "but I don't know if he's got the letter. We never kept much count of his address, for he never had the same one long together. I don't expect he'd be able to do much; he was never much of a hand at helping himself, let alone others."

So we got together a little money and bought her a mangle. She went to live in two rooms close by, and just kept soul and body together for herself and children by mangling and occasionally going out to work.

Suddenly one day my housemaid went off without a moment's notice to her mother who was ill, and poor Mrs. Lobb was unable to come and help us on account of her baby. "I can't bear to refuse," the poor thing said, "but the little baby is that bad with bronchitis, I doubt if I keep it through the winter."

Then it was that Thomas first came into our lives. I had hardly noticed him before, except as a little dark-haired boy too small for his age. The morning after Jane went, I was told he wanted to see me. I remember the interview as well as if it were yesterday. I was in the dining-room when he knocked. "Come in," I said, and in came Thomas. He stepped just inside and pulled his front hair. Evidently he had been instructed that that was the correct way of making a bow.

"Please, mum," he said shyly, "mother says as how you have no housemaid, so I came to ask if you would like me to help a bit."

"You, Thomas!"

"Please, mum, I does for mother, sweeps and scrubs and dusts and washes up the things. Mother said I was to tell you I could clean knives and boots beautiful." He looked down as he said the last words, as though he felt ashamed at praising himself, and nothing but necessity would have driven him to do it.

"Why, you have quite a list of accomplishments, Thomas," I answered, and laughed, but he was evidently very anxious.

"Or I could take care of the children — the young ladies, I mean" — he said, correcting himself; "then perhaps nurse could help." He was quite a manager, and had evidently thought out how matters could be arranged so as to make the best of things. "I am used to children. I have always taken care of ours," he added gravely, and the "ours" showed that he did not put himself on a level with his sister; "and I have pushed a perambulator often for Mrs. Hicks, the grocer's wife, since her husband has been laid up, and her in the shop." I thought how funny he would look pushing my two babies along with one hand, and with the other holding little May, as she toddled beside him, and wondered what my most kind but proper mother-in-law would say if she met them. My mother-in-law always kept me well in hand, and does still, though I am getting to be an old woman. There is one thing I simply dread her finding out, — but that will appear by-and-by.

"Well, no, Thomas, I don't think we can make you head-nurse," I said. "But you can come in the morning and clean the knives and boots. You are quite sure 'you can do them beautiful'?"

"Yes, quite sure, mum," he answered, looking up with his great dark eyes.

So Thomas came every day, and was the comfort of my life. He was very quiet and attentive. When he carried in the coals he always looked round to see if there were letters to post or anything he could do; he always saw when my plants wanted watering or the leaves wanted washing. Even cook, who was difficult to please, said he "was a downright blessing." The only vexing thing was that whenever he had a chance he would creep up to the nursery and play with the children. He adored May, and used to carry her up-stairs when she came in from her walk. She was delighted to let him do it, putting her arms round his neck, and looking up at him with her clear blue eyes.

He was so careful with the children that in the afternoon nurse sometimes left him on guard while she was down-stairs.

"Thomas," I said one day, "what is that sticking out of your pocket?" He turned very red and pulled his hair.

"Please, mum, it's a pipe."

"A pipe! Where did you get it?"

"Bought it, mum."

"But you are not going to smoke, I hope?" He tried hard not to laugh, but the idea of smoking was too much for him.

"Please, mum, I bought it to teach Miss May how to blow bubbles," he said, with as grand an air as if he had bought it to teach her Arabic.

Another week, and Jane returned. Thomas got a place at a paper-shop, and carried out papers every morning; but on Saturday afternoons he generally paid cook a visit, and went up to see the children. One day I discovered that he had a voice. Going past the nursery door, I heard May say, —

"Yes, do sing it again, please, Thomas," and then a weak little voice began, —

"A little seed is in the ground,

A little tiny seed;

When it grows up what will it be,

A flower or a weed?"

I opened the door. "Why, Thomas," I said, "I didn't know you could sing."

"Please, mum, mother taught me," he said; "she sings beautiful, and so do little Gracie."

Then that time came in which May fell ill. There was hardly a hope of her recovery. And through all those sad days none grieved more than Thomas. Every morning, as soon as cook came down, she heard a tap at the kitchen window, and there stood Thomas at the bottom of the area steps, pale and anxious. She used to open the window, and before she could speak the eager voice would say, —

"How is Miss May?—is she any worse?—has she slept?" And on that terrible night when we thought she was dying, Thomas sat at the end of the kitchen by the side-table white and silent, waiting with burning eyes and a breathless misery that almost seemed to suffocate him. Late that night Jane went down and reported, "The doctor says she is a little better." Thomas sprang to his feet for one moment, then sat down again, and resting his face on his arm on the table sobbed bitterly at last.

When May was better, Thomas was taken up to see her. He stopped for a

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moment outside her door as if to gather strength, and felt his side-pocket anxiously; there was something there that bulged, but I pretended not to see it. He drew a long breath as he entered her room.

"Are you better, Miss May?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you, Thomas dear," she said.

"You've been very bad," and he shook his head mournfully.

"Poor Thomas!" she sighed, just as if she knew all that he had suffered.

"I don't know what we should have done if you hadn't got better, Miss May."

"Do you know any more songs?" she asked. He shook his head; he had had no heart for songs.

"I kept your garden in order," he said; "the primroses are coming up, and there's three snowdrops out."

"I am so glad. What's that in your pocket, sticking out?"

"It's the mice," he answered, smiling for the first time. "I've had 'em this fortnight ready against you was better, Miss May," and then with a sigh of satisfaction he brought them out.

A little later in the spring brought us the last of Thomas. May was well. The gardener had just been to see about doing up the garden. I was sitting in the dining-room making up my books with the weekly expenses, wondering how it was that something extra always swelled them. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and in came Thomas of course.

"Please, mum, I'm come to say good-bye," he said, pulling his front hair as usual.

"Good-bye! why, where are you going?"

"Going to Australia, mum."

I was quite astonished.

"Has your uncle sent for you?"

"No, mum; but there's a gentleman who's been coming on and off to our shop a good deal, and he's captain of a ship. I always wanted to go about a bit, and he's offered to take me free for my work, and bring me back or drop me in Melbourne, which I like. I think it's a good thing, mum," he added, in his old-fashioned way. "I don't see that I can come to much good at a paper-shop."

"No, Thomas, perhaps not."

"And I wants to get on and help mother," he said, lifting his face and looking at me proudly. "Perhaps I might come across uncle out at Melbourne; and anyhow I'll know more, and have seen more,

when I have been there and back, than I do now. The gentleman that's taking me, too, says the sea will make me strong and set me off growing. I shan't be any good if I'm not strong."

"Perhaps you are right."

"It's hard work leaving mother," he said with a little gasp. "But she's keen on my going, because she thinks I might meet uncle, but I don't like leaving of her, and I don't like leaving the two little 'uns." The tears came into his clear eyes, but he struggled manfully to keep them back; and then he added, "And I don't like leaving Miss May. I couldn't ha' gone if she hadn't been better."

"And when do you start?"

"To-morrow, mum; it's very sudden-like, but they say chances always is. I came to say good-bye. May I go up to the young ladies?" I took him up to the nursery myself. He looked at the children with the face of one who had suddenly grown older and knew much, and was going to know more. He explained all about his journey to them, and why he was going, just as if they had been old enough to understand, and then he gravely and sorrowfully shook hands with them all three and with nurse.

"I don't want you to go," May said. "I want you to stay here. When will you come back?"

"I don't know when, but I'll come, Miss May; never fear but I'll come back. Your garden is all in order," he added. "Maybe the gardener will look after it a bit now." They followed him, the three children and nurse, to the head of the stairs, and stood looking through and over the banisters.

"Good-bye, good-bye," called May and the others, watching him descend.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," and suddenly May's little shoe, which was unbuttoned, fell through the railing on to the stairs beneath, touching him as it fell.

"It's good luck," nurse called out. "It's real good luck, Thomas; she's dropped her shoe after you." He picked it up and looked at it, a little old shoe with a hole nearly through at the toe.

"Please, mum, may I keep it?" he asked, with a smile, and when I nodded, he looked up at her with a satisfied face. "I'll take it. Miss May, I'm going to keep it. It'll go all the way with me in the ship." He stopped in the hall, and turned round. "Please, mum," he said, and pulled his hair once more, "I want to say thank you for all your kindness to us.

You's allays been a good friend to us," he added approvingly.

"And you have been a good boy, Thomas," I answered gratefully, "and I know that you'll be one still."

"I'll try, for mother's sake, and yours, and Miss May's," he said, and strode sturdily towards the street door.

"You must shake hands with me too, Thomas," I said, and gave him a sovereign. He took the gold in silence, turning it over in surprise, as if to be sure that it was real. He looked such a baby while he did so that I wondered if the captain of the ship had taken a fancy to his pale face and sad eyes, or what hard work he thought those small hands could do. Poor little Thomas, going alone to the other side of the world, leaving all he cared for here, my heart went out to him. Did not his mother bear him with the same pains that I had borne my children? Had she not once looked at him with the strange wonder that I had looked at my first little one? And now her heart would ache whenever a wind swept by, and she thought of the little lad at sea, trying to get strong in order to take care of her by-and-by. I thought of how he had sat and sobbed the night he heard that May was better, of how I had seen his father lying dead with the surprised smile on his face, as though he had seen the heavenly city — what would he say now, I wondered, if he could see his little son starting alone out into the world?

"Good-bye, dear little lad," I said. "May you grow strong, and be a brave and good man," and I stooped and kissed him. Thomas said not a word; but I knew that he was crying, as he strode towards the door.

Mrs. Lobb got on pretty well after her boy went. But sorrow overtook her again; the poor skinny little baby died. Life could never have been a joy to it. Surely it was a blessing in disguise when death took it.

## II.

EIGHTEEN years had gone by. The Lobbs had passed altogether out of my life. Thomas had never come back. I heard that he had found his uncle in Melbourne, and had gone with him to Graham's Town, in South Africa. From there the uncle had sent for Mrs. Lobb and Gracie, and that was the last I knew of them, or ever expected to know.

I had given up the house in which we had lived so long in England, and settled

at Lutry, near Lausanne, where living and education were cheaper than in England. There the years slipped away peacefully enough till the three girls were grown up — till May was a woman of three-and-twenty. She was a pretty girl, just as she had been a pretty child, and at three-and-twenty looked eighteen, — a tall, slim girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, and a merry happy laugh it did one good to hear. I used to wonder sometimes if she would ever marry. But we did not know a soul in Lutry, and indeed, from a marrying point of view, there was not a soul to know. We were going back to England, now that even Nina, the youngest girl, was grown up, to settle down in a pretty house at Hampstead. There I thought the girls would see a little more of the world, and their lives would shape themselves into the course they were meant to run.

Then my sister Elizabeth, who is unmarried, and alone and delicate, went to winter at Rome, and invited May to go with her. I could not refuse to let her go; but we felt parting, for we had never been separated. Still it could not be helped. So May went off with her aunt, who came all the way to Lutry to fetch her, and I with the two other girls returned to England.

We had plenty to do at Hampstead, getting the house in order and settling down; and we spent a happy winter, even though May was not with us. We used to delight in her letters from Rome, and long for the spring that would see her with us.

My sister was an excellent correspondent, and she used to write to me every week, telling us of all their gaieties and of the admiration May won — even of all her little flirtations. I think Elizabeth was proud of her. Gradually into both their letters there crept frequent mention of a young English doctor, of whom they appeared to see a great deal. He was handsome, and very popular. He had been to tea, he had seen them home from a party, he had got up a picnic, and so on. At last I began, mother-like, to wonder if he was falling in love with May or she with him, to feel anxious as to what sort of a man he was, and whether he was capable of playing fast and loose with my child's innocent heart that had never known a lover.

As time went on, May's letters contained more and more about him. "Dr. Millet asked so much about you, dear mother. I told him everything I could about you. He said he felt as if he loved

you." "Dr. Millet says he shall be in England soon; but we hope he won't go before we do, — we should miss him so." And at last, in Elizabeth's letter, there was something definite. "I am certain Dr. Millet is in love with May, and I am almost certain the dear child has lost her heart to him. It makes me very anxious, you not being here. At the same time, I don't know why things should not be allowed to take their natural course, for he is very charming, and is getting an excellent practice round him." So I waited anxiously, feeling that there was nothing to be done but to wait. The next letter worried me a little. "His manner is very distant," Elizabeth said. "In spite of his evident liking for her, he seems to be trying to hold off. Sometimes I can't make him out. Perhaps he does not want to marry, or thinks he has no chance." And after that came a climax, — I think it was in the very next letter. "Dr. Millet has put some one in charge of his practice and has gone away. He did not come to see us before he went, and he made no mention of going last time he was here. I do not know where he has gone, nor how long he will be away. Our dear May tries to look as if she did not care; but I fear she is secretly grieving."

The letter fell from my hands. It worried me terribly. To think of May loving a man who had perhaps deserted her, — it was not to be borne. I knew what a sorrow of that sort does to a young life — the desolation, nay, perhaps the lifelong misery, it brings. And yet, if the man was a scoundrel, I could not believe that so pure a thing as May's love could cling to him.

The next morning brought a letter from May herself that showed only too plainly how things were. "Aunt Elizabeth is very, very kind to me," she said. "I would not leave her for the world; but I am so tired of Rome and of all the people in it. I want to see you again, dear mother. I don't think I am very well, and I am not happy, darling. I long to go to you and to feel your dear arms round me again."

Alice and Nina had gone into town early. I was alone with that poor little letter, feeling all the pain, all the sorrow, that had suddenly come into my child's life, — it needed no words to tell me. I sat stupefied, trying to decide what it would be best to do. Elizabeth was too delicate to come back to England before the March winds were over. Perhaps I could take one of the other girls to her

and bring May back. I felt as if she wanted her mother's heart to comfort her and give her strength.

I got up and put a log on the fire, for we had not yet reconciled ourselves to the English fashion of burning coal, then walked about the room, looking vacantly at the polished floor and all the pretty new things about the room. It was a lovely morning; the sun was shining down on the trim lawn and neat garden, the snowdrops were coming up in the corner bed. I thought of May, and of how pretty she would look in the summer time pottering about among the flowers, if she were only bright and well. She had so often longed for an English garden. Then looking down the road, I noticed a tall man a long way off. He was coming towards the house. As he came nearer I could see that he looked like a gentleman. He was tall and dark; he appeared to be about thirty years old, perhaps younger, and he was certainly handsome. He stopped before the gate and for a moment hesitated; then he opened it and entered. I watched him coming along the gravel walk by the lawn; I saw him disappear under the porch, and heard the bell ring. In some odd way he seemed to be familiar to me. The servant entered with a card. Before I took it, I knew perfectly that it was Dr. Millet's, and that a crisis was at hand, — that in an hour's time May's future would be no mystery. The next moment he entered. I could not remember where I had seen him before, but he was not strange to me. He had a good face, clever and thoughtful; he looked like a simple-hearted, honest gentleman. There was something sad about the face, too, as if he had suffered much, or understood suffering.

"Mrs. Standing?" and he came forward with a curiously eager smile, as if in some way he knew me.

"Yes," I answered, looking at him again. Even his voice was half familiar, yet I could not remember where I had heard it before.

"You do not know me," he went on. "I have just arrived from Rome. I know your daughter and sister there, and I thought you would forgive me for coming — I could not help it." The last words were said to himself, and seemed to have escaped him.

"I have heard of you," I said. "Won't you sit down? I am glad to see you." For he stood looking at me in an eager way, which I accounted for easily, but still it embarrassed me. "Did they ask you,

or was it your own kindness that prompted you to come and tell me about them?" I asked, trying to put him at ease, for now that I had seen him I was satisfied. Something in the tone of his voice, in the expression of his face, told me that he was not the man to win a girl's heart and throw it away; and there was about him that which made me feel that the woman he loved would have little cause to fear anything that was in him. A great deal to find out perhaps all in a few moments, and from looking at a man's face; but there are some people whom just to see is enough, and about whom our instincts are unerring.

"They did not ask me to come," he answered in a low voice. "They did not even know that I was coming, though it was for this interview that I left Rome and hurried to England. I came trusting to your kindness to make my visit less difficult than it might be." He seemed overtaken by a great awkwardness, but I did not know what to say, and was silent. He went on suddenly, as if with a gasp, "I wanted to see you very much, I have so much to say, though I am a stranger, or you think me one; and — and I am afraid to begin. Your answer means so much to me." Then he loved the child! But there was something behind his words — some obstacle, I was certain of that — some past to confess, something that made him doubtful of the future.

"Why are you afraid?" I asked; but for a moment or two he made no answer. I waited, looking at him, wondering again where before I had looked into those grave, almost sad eyes.

"Do you remember Thomas?" he asked abruptly — "Thomas Lobb?"

I nearly jumped off my chair. But no, it could not be!

"Yes — but —"

"I am Thomas," he said simply. "I used to clean your knives and boots, and you bought my mother a mangle. I never forgot your kindness. I have often longed to see you and thank you."

"But where have you been all these years?" I asked, still gasping with astonishment.

"To many places. I was in England for a long time, at an hospital; but you were abroad, and though I tried I could not find your address. Besides I was afraid. I had better say it at once," he went on desperately; "but I did not want to see your daughter again. I have been in love with her all my life. She was a goddess to me, — a queen. I never even

dreamed of hoping. I met her again all in a moment one night at Rome. I was thinking of her and looked up, and she was there. She did not know me, she does not now; but I knew her—I did directly—though she was only five when I saw her last."

He hurried over the words quickly, as if he wished me to know the gist of what he had come to say as quickly as possible.

"Where is your mother?" I asked, thinking of the poor soul with the Cornish accent, carrying the skinny little baby in her arms, and of his father, as I saw him first, a dying man, warming his long thin hands by the fire in the empty house.

"My mother does not keep a mangle now," he said with a short laugh. I think I should have known him before if he had laughed. "She is rich, and lives near my sister, who is married to a diamond merchant in South Africa. It sounds terribly prosperous, does it not?"

"But tell me about yourself," I said. "How is it that you went away Thomas Lobb and come back Dr. Millet of Rome? It is too puzzling altogether."

"I found my rich uncle," he answered. "I remember telling you that my mother thought I might, and I did. One always finds a rich uncle in a story; but I found mine at Melbourne. He had married and lost both wife and child, and was just going off to the diamond-fields in South Africa. He took me in hand first, and was very good to me in his rough way. His ambition was to make me a gentleman; but that was Fature's business, perhaps. She has failed," he said, with a smile. "However, he put me to school while he went off to the diamond-fields, and in a few years came back with his fortune to fetch me. He was one of those men who are bound to make fortunes and to lose them from sheer carelessness, though he died too soon to lose his last one. He brought me to England and looked after me while I was at the hospital."

"But how did you get to Rome?" I asked, for he had stopped as if he could not go on without encouragement.

"He took me there, or perhaps I took him, for we went together, partly because he wanted to see Europe, and partly because he said he wanted to see if I really could talk any language but my own, after all the schooling for which he had paid. At Rome there was a chance for another doctor, and there ultimately I settled down. Uncle Joe went back to Graham's Town and died." He stopped for a mo-

ment. "I wish I had been with him," he said in a low voice; "but I was not."

"Was he good to your mother?"

"He was good to every one, in a rough way sometimes that one reproached one's self later on for not better understanding. He was very good to my mother and to Gracie, whom he also had educated. He became very great on education in his latter years, and used to say that money was thrown away on you unless you knew how to spend it."

"How did you come to be called Millet?" I asked, putting off as long as possible the great business of his coming. I was so staggered, so taken aback, at his proving to be Thomas. Moreover there was only one thing for me to do, and not forever be ashamed of myself, and I knew it. Yet I could not bring myself to do it heartily.

"He left me some money, and wished me to take his name, which was very like the rich uncle in the story," he answered, with the fleeting smile that was part of the fascination of his face. "I have not spent any of it yet. My practice has been sufficient. I kept it in case—" He stopped, but still I went on looking at him, as though I had been fascinated, thinking of the days when he had carried up coals, and taught May to blow bubbles. I could not help it, it was snobby of me if you like, but in my heart there was some pride. I knew that he had come to ask me if he might try to win May for his wife. May, my pretty one, my queen, whom I should have thought too good for a king—he the boy who had blacked our shoes, whose mother had kept a mangle! He seemed to read my thoughts like a letter.

"Yes," he said; "I am the boy who used to clean the knives and boots, and afterwards carried out newspapers every morning."

"It doesn't matter in these days what any one has been," I said hesitatingly, ashamed that he should have divined my thoughts so well.

"If she ever cares for me—it is too much to think of, too great a happiness—but if she does," he went on in a low voice, "perhaps she will be proud of it, as I am. It was honest work," he said, in a stubborn voice, "and pleasant too," he added gaily. "If I had made my own position, I should be a proud man, for being a doctor is of course a better thing than carrying out papers; but as it is, all the credit goes to the rich uncle, and is none of mine." I was silent, trying to remember who the well-known man was who had been a shoe-

black, and who it was had sold oranges, and yet became a great man. But it is generally difficult to remember things at the right moment.

"You were always a good boy," I said, thinking of the thin little face of long ago, and forgetting the man before me.

"I am glad of that," he answered. "Do you remember my poor mother?" he went on, seeming as if he were determined I should realize all the past. "She kept a mangle and went out charring. She does not like me to remember it now, and Gracie quarrels with me if I mention it." And he laughed the short, quick laugh of a man who has a sense of humor but does not always betray it. "Do you remember the day I wished you all good-bye? how, when I was going off to sea, a poor little boy without a penny save the present you had given me, you kissed me, just as if I had been your own son? It has been my wild dream that some day I should be really your son,—won't you let it come true?" he asked eagerly, and leaning forward he tried to see my face better. But I could not wring an answer from myself.

"Does she know?" I asked.

"Does she know anything about this?—that I am Thomas? No, nothing. That I love her? I think yes. I would not speak to her until I had seen you, and told you, and perhaps——"

"That was like you, Thomas," I said. The old name came naturally to my lips. "You were always good."

"Was I?" he exclaimed. "I don't think so—but I will be, if she will only have me, if you and she will only put up with me. I love her with all my heart. See what I have in my pocket. I brought it to show you." He pulled out a little shoe with a hole in the toe. "Do you remember how she dropped it on my head?" he asked. I nodded, but could not speak, for I was killing the last little silly bit of pride left in my heart. The man before me was a gentleman, ten times more truly one than many born to be rich and idle. How could I be so foolish as to hesitate to give my child to a good and honorable man whom I knew she loved? I have always hated myself for my conduct that day. I think perhaps if it had been any other person's shoes he had blacked, I should not have minded. If he had wanted to marry the daughter of my dearest friend, I should have assisted joyfully. It was only because it was May, whom I should have thought too good for the king of all the earth.

Then I looked at the shoe that was still

in his hand, and thought of how she had clung to the banisters, calling out good-bye; of his upturned face—the little anxious face—and the grave voice, saying, "I'll come back, Miss May." Now he had come. He was sitting there opposite to me, asking me to give him leave to ask her to be his wife.

"Is it all right?" he asked, in a voice that showed he could not bear my silence any longer. "If you say no, I will go away, and never see her again. I could not bear to win her without your consent—only speak. You are not hesitating because we were so poor, because there was a time when we were starving, because——"

"No, no!" I interrupted, hating myself, and feeling my heart go out to him. I could not say more—there was something choking me. The tears were coming into my eyes.

"Then speak just one word. Is it all right!" I gave a little nod, for words had failed me. He got up, and walked about the room, a great joy written on his face, and flashing from his eyes. "You trust me, you will really trust me?" he said, stopping before me.

"Yes, dear," I answered, "I will trust you." It seemed as if he could not hear the words calmly. He strode across the room, then came back and stood before me again.

"I shall never be good enough for her—never," he said, with a joyous laugh,— "never at my best; and perhaps she won't look at me. I am terribly afraid of that. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"I don't know," I answered, for I was not going to betray my child's secret.

"Something deep down in my heart tells me that there is," he said simply. "Try to frighten myself as I will, I feel that she is the meaning of life to me. Let me go!" he exclaimed suddenly—"I want to be alone, and walk the streets until the train starts. I cannot stay in a room any longer. I shall be in Rome the day after to-morrow, and will telegraph." He took my hands in both his, and looked at me tenderly. "I remember the day you came to see us first," he said; "my father was sitting over the fire; and how glad we used to be when the roast mutton came. You always sent enough for us all," he laughed. "God bless you, dear mother!" he added; and lifting my hands, kissed them both. "Wish me good luck, when I ask my darling if she loves me."

"I do—I will, with all my heart!" I answered.

The telegram came two days later : —  
*"From your son Thomas and your daughter May. Our best love to you all. We are very happy."*

And they are very happy still, and will be all their lives. He lives in England now, and his name is well known. May and I are very proud of him. The other girls are both married too. One married the son of a bishop; but I fear it is not a very happy marriage. Nina, the youngest, is a soldier's wife, as I was, and quakes whenever France is arrogant, or Germany buys a new big gun, and thinks there will be war to-morrow morning. He is a good fellow, but he is not like Thomas. My mother-in-law is still alive; and she is the one person in the family who does not know our romance. She is a stern old lady, proud of her descent from the Crauford-Greys; and she keeps me in order still, though I have married daughters of my own. The amusing part of it is, that she is very proud of Thomas, and says it is odd that the colonies should have produced so perfect a gentleman. It was only the other day that she sent him most of her late husband's books; for she said he was the only man in the family who would really appreciate them.

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From Temple Bar.

WITH THE MAJORITY.\*

BY HERMAN MERIVALE, AUTHOR OF "FAUCIT OF BALLIOL," ETC.

IT is one of the misses of my life, not to have known Mortimer Collins. Indeed I believe I did know him, somewhere and somehow, in the spirit-world. Such a kindly, enjoying, various spirit. His work had a charm for me as a young man which writers of wider fame could never win; and the instinctive rhyming, which had but to "lisp in numbers, and the numbers came," held my own sympathetic taste unfaithfully. No man, to my mind, has had the pure lyre-gift bestowed in fairer proportion; and his happy and eternal war on the gloomy school, who want to darken all this life for us by denying the light of another, showed in him no mean allowance of the satirist. His friends and fellow-workers knew his value well. If the big world did not do his gifts justice, it was because the hard necessities of daily-bread labor forbade him to do them justice him-

self. The lyrist's song and the satirist's lash fall dully on the ears of an advertising generation.

But in this vague excursion, as in an earlier one, I do not desire to be a critic, but a gossip only. Just one year ago Mortimer Collins's wife, fellow-worker, and friend, went over to the majority after him, not divided long. The gap she leaves in the hearts of the friends who knew her will not be easily filled, for they remember no bonnier face or kindlier soul. Charming, too, was her own literary touch. In the lost art of letter-writing she excelled; and it was through her loving and understanding life of her husband that I had learned the man as I had before learned the author. So when some four years syne I found that she was living in the same town as myself, I at once claimed acquaintance in the old craft's name, and was met half-way. Our short and sudden friendship was one of the warmest of my life. She seemed to live on her pride in her husband, and to be always with him. Him and the life at Knowl Hill she made as great a reality to me as if I had made part of it. Bright and brave always, — though then, as it afterwards proved, contending with the illness which killed her, — she made of her handsome face a kind of incarnate welcome. It is an odd comment upon my opening words to say that my principal attraction for her was, that in my own home and ways I was "always reminding her of Mortimer." In methods of speech, thought, and ways, she was forever finding resemblances; and with my old love of him and his work, I need not say how much this drew us together. And perhaps I may be forgiven for adding that no small part of the pleasure as of the parallel was, that it fell to my fortunate lot, as to Mortimer's, to find in a wife a helpmeet in my work as well as in my home. As Frances Collins wrote novels with her husband, so, as it proved, could my wife write plays with me; and no one more than she would have rejoiced in any measure of success that together we might attain. The affection between L — and herself passed the love of women; and was no slight link in the bond between us.

Of the making of biographies there is now no end; nor would Frances Collins have wished that hers should be added to them. But the proprietor and readers of the *Bar* will not quarrel with me for taking this opportunity of setting down a few more words about her, before the fragrance of her wholesome memory shall

\* A sequel to "Men we Meet," *Temple Bar*, October, 1886.

have had the space to fade. It is not well that such brave lives should pass without some fitting record; for, in truth, by whatever names men may call the illness, she died as Mortimer had died—as so many writers die—of long financial strain. In the manner of their deaths, as of their lives, the two were not divided.

Frances Collins lost her father when quite a child, and her trials began early. The mother was a hard and selfish woman who made an unhappy home. One after another the three boys departed, and got lost, as my informant puts it, "somewhere in the world." Instead of spending on Frances the money left for her education, the mother enjoyed herself upon it and placed the girl in an infant orphan school, which she scarcely visited. From that she was transferred to a more advanced one in the Regent's Park; and at fifteen years old was earning money by teaching, to help her mother, who had run hers through. She had been for some time at the hard trade of governessing when she met with Mortimer, whom after two months' courtship she married, in '68. Her life and her work were her husband's from that hour, through eight short years of close and rare communion. Nothing is prettier in the story she has told of it so well, than his perpetual flow of song addressed to her.

Frances Collins was poorly left when her husband died, for their fight had out of the law of millstones been against the collar always. But hers was a heart with an overflow; and even left alone she worked for two, taking into her home and heart a favorite first cousin whom she had not seen since her marriage, a sufferer then from very weak health, and with but slight means to help her, very gladly given.

First in New Burlington Street—in a house connected with the name of the famous old Lady Cork—and then, after a visit to Madeira, in a pretty cottage at Isleworth, Frances Collins fought on her literary fight alone. But health and courage were a little failing when Edmund Yates, with whom her husband had been a favorite contributor, came to her rescue in the *World*, and with other friends helped her to start Mortimer Lodge at Eastbourne. Percy Cotton was with her when the brave woman came to the place after all these struggles; and took the house with the purpose of making of it a home for boarders, as far as possible literary, in need of rest and change from town. She was not fit for the work and

worry when first I knew her. But just at the time came the turn of the wheel. Her cousin unexpectedly came into an independence, and at once gave her the home which her open heart had found for him. The strength was sapped; but for the brief remaining span he could give her her heart's desire. With what loving and watchful care he did it, I can testify.

Subject to fits of pain courageously borne, the rest was quiet. To potter among her books and flowers, and gather about her the small circle of friends she cherished best, to revel in the lovely life of literary leisure, and to be always "going to begin writing something next Monday" (oh, fatal formula of lazy authors, how well I know you!), and to talk of Mortimer,—these were the simple pleasures of the closing years. The Eastbourne air was too keen for her; and towards the last her cousin found her another and a softer home, among the pine-clad slopes of Surrey. And in the little Camberley cottage the end came to her in her prime, as she loved her friends to come—quietly and without warning; not less welcome than they, perhaps. For none knew better than those who loved her that, with all her bright laugh and sunny cordiality, her true life lay buried in her Mortimer's grave.

No second light has lightened up my Heaven;

No second dawn has ever shone for me:

All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given;

All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

We had pleasant times in her comely presence, we that were of her circle, during those closing years. One of her delights was a tradition of Mortimer's, an annual "Shakespeare" dinner upon Shakespeare's birthday. There were always to be mottoes appropriate to the occasion; and I remember her delight when I pointed out what, oddly enough, had escaped her before through familiarity with the names, the quaint Shakespearian coincidence between "Percy" and "Mortimer." It had always an attraction for her afterwards; none the less because Percy Cotton has a graceful song-gift of his own; and nothing pleased her better than to listen in the twilight to Percy's singing of Mortimer's love-songs to her, framed in a simple setting by himself. Yes, they were pleasant times. Strange that the two men never met.

I have strayed into a little by-way of biography, where I had purposed little but memorial anecdote.

But papers like these must be all by-ways more or less, having indeed little else for reason of being. Thought leads to thought, and association to association; and the memory of so grave a loss led me to set down these few words of one who, as far as she was concerned, desired only to be remembered as part and parcel of her husband. They will not, I hope, be without some profit and interest to my readers.

By this same system of links, I am led back to another and a very different personality. Just before Mortimer Collins's death, he happened in some way to run counter to the prejudices of one of the most brilliant and rugged of men of letters, with whom he was personally unacquainted. His sin brought upon his head—in the *Athenæum* or *Notes and Queries*, I think,—a very lava flood of scathing denunciation from the offended Olympian. Before he had time to answer, Mortimer Collins was dead. Three years later, when his widow was in trouble at Isleworth, and saw no one, her little maid refused to unlock the gate to a white-haired burly stranger. Standing outside, he shyly murmured something about "a friend of Edmund Yates." This acted like magic, as many were the packets and letters the girl had posted to that address; and he was shown in.

"Mrs. Mortimer Collins, I think?"

"Yes."

"God bless you. Take this."

He thrust a roll of bank-notes into her hand, and was off in his carriage again without another word, leaving her to look blankly after him. It was a little time before she learned that her visitor was Charles Reade, and that the timely kindness was his atonement for his haste. He kept the kindness up; and one of the first literary boarders who came to lighten Frances Collins's burdens at her Eastbourne house was Charles Reade. It was not long before his death; and it was there that I myself met him for the last time.

These episodes do us good, and by sweet savor of the fellowship of the higher literary brotherhood make us pleasantly forgetful and scornful of the slings and arrows of a very different tribe of penmen, so fast increasing now in their numbers as often to tempt the weary writer who respects his craft and himself to forswear the pursuit forever. The longing to be let alone, in these days of feverish notoriety, masters some spirits altogether at times. As for these men, they seem to live to defame those by whom they do

live. If they ever reflect, where do they expect to go to? Do they ever pray?

After good Charles Reade, who next? I shut my eyes and conjure; and the kaleidoscope shifts, and seems to quiver softly back again into the permutations and combinations of boyhood. It is a few months since I parted in the *Bar* with the Charles Kean of those boy-days, and the fascinations of that wondrous Columbine. A very different figure comes before me next; short, strong, and square, with massy head and masterful brow, whose verses were the love and inspiration of my youthful hero-worship, side by side with Scott's. As happy as Scott and Johnson, almost, has Lord Macaulay been in his biographer, his nephew George Trevelyan. I know no books of biography which so closely bring the subject home to you without protrusion of the biographer. By an odd law of contrast, Macaulay has been provided with another memoir of late years—one of those potted lives of everybody in general—authors, painters, worthies, refreshment contractors, anything—which an industrious set of gentlemen never seem tired of concocting. When shall we have the series of "Living Author-Worthies" (our noble selves) "written by each other"? Unlike Trevelyan, who as himself only a man of action, is but a weak unthinking thing, the lifer in question gravely rebukes Macaulay for his want of depth; and for saying that he was anxious to write a history which should be as intelligible and interesting to young ladies as a novel. Surely a very good and wise ambition. Macaulay is then much snubbed for imagining ballads to be poetry; and finally, and far the worst, for beguiling sea-sickness with reciting Pindar to himself between Holyhead and Dublin, when bound thither upon Irish duties, instead of "thinking out the Irish problem." Lorblessmeragnes! Frequent and uneasy as have been the to-and-fro passages of Irish secretaries since, the alternative does not seem, so far, to have occurred to any one of them. Why not turn on that thinker, pick out a rough day for him, and let him try?

Alas! this is my Uncle Dick's memorial. I know it, for it crops up for me everywhere, and I apologize. But we all of us carry about our Uncle Dick in some shape or another. And from my soul I protest against the sham culture which wants to lay down canons for everybody according to the doxy of the layer-down, and condemn and strangle originality for the very sin of being other than unorigi-

nal. It is at our doors and everywhere — this noxious growth: about our path and about our beds and about our ways. Good Heavens! where should we all be if commonplace (of which there has seldom been short supply) should be the Established Church for everywhere, whose formulas none should go beyond? Let any one read the remarks of a well-known and complacent Anglo-Florentine apostle, upon certain of the works of Michael Angelo, which have inspired poet after poet, down to Swinburne's day, to raptures of lyric praise. The apostle cannot suppose that they believe what they say. To take one instance, the master carved two sitting figures in a niche — colossal and full of life. "But," says the apostle, "how can you? *Why, he made them so large that there would be no room for them to stand up!*" Spirit of Dr. Abernethy! why should they try? It reminds one of the remark of that lovable humorist, Charles Alston Collins (ah me! another of the same majority, with whom I chiefly remember an hour of wonderful speculation upon the secrets of one of the starriest firmaments night ever showed me from the steel-blue Brighton line), in one of the quaintest of his essays — "Our Eye-Witness among the Statues." There is, or was, somewhere in a retired and tangled square, a very dreadful semblance of a strange king on horseback, with his hat in his hand. Even when it rained, Collins said, a fatal fascination drew him towards that square to beg that king to put that hat on. So I suppose did the apostle long to ask the sculptured figures to get up, and see how they could do it. But it does not strike one as an effective canon of art, somehow.

The lifer has his authority as to Macaulay, no doubt, in no less a man than Mr. Matthew Arnold. Every lover of pure letters must cherish that clear scholarship, playful humor, and incisive style. But when he ridicules Macaulay for setting down for poetry such "bathos" as

To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late,

he is on wrong ground altogether. He forgets the difference between the dramatist (as here the ballad-writer is) and his puppets. Those words are not Macaulay's; but those of the rough and primitive Roman soldier through whom he speaks. Would Mr. Arnold have Faulconbridge talk like Romeo? But this is an old confusion — and in lesser hands than Mr. Arnold's absurd. So do I re-

member a writer in one of our leading papers — who wrote under his initials, by-the-bye, and so was a critic of eminence — speaking of Mr. So-and-so, and some comedy he had written, in a contemptuous tone. "Mr. S.," he said, "is sometimes witty, but often puerile." Poor Mr. S. was for describing a witty man amongst a set of foolish people; and that was just what he had tried to be. If he had assisted at the birth of Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo, the gentleman would no doubt have discovered that "Mr. Shakespeare is occasionally vindictive — but frequently loutish."

Superfinitly — if I may so respectfully describe the *haute école* of criticism — is keen and interesting in capable hands like Arnold's — suggestive and to be considered always, however it may fail to command one's assent. But the nemesis of burlesque lies in wait somewhere for most of us, especially where men are too cocksure. And the burlesque of Mr. Arnold's strictures on Macaulay is to be found in the imitator, who condemns the historian for not solving the Irish problem out of a fit of sea-sickness. It sounds like a good counter-irritant, certainly.

One might almost think, at times, that between two classes of minds, cultivated alike both of them (for to the shams thereof we should have nothing to say, and would we hadn't), there is a gulf fixed. Speaking generally, one may call them the critical and the receptive mind. The one (by which I mean the last of the two — a good old English rule of language fast being lost sight of) includes, I think, most of the creative minds, assimilates for the purposes of enjoyment and reflection, and has an instinctive preference for the simpler and more narrative forms. The other assimilates for enquiry rather than anything else, and turns to the analytic form. Hence the eternal antagonism which tells you beforehand that, while an Arnold will reject Scott and Macaulay, a Swinburne will fight for them always. And while his army of admirers will exalt Wordsworth above all men, not all their ink and all their scorn, backed by the other side's appreciation of Wordsworth's best, will induce that other side to set the high priest of the lakes upon a higher pinnacle than Byron. As the critical mind, as I have called it, keeps the teaching as a rule to itself, it has the best of it in print, apparently. But whether is the better? he that teacheth the multitude, or he that goeth home to it? Which of our two classes hath the multitude on its side gen-

erally? and is it proof of folly, or of wisdom, either to please or displease the multitude — remembering the while that we are all part of it? It is made up of us, in fact. But that is a moot point to be decided never. Possibly, for flesh is weak, each man decides it for himself; and not always in the same way. If I were to write a book which sold largely, maybe I should go for the multitude. If after that I wrote another which didn't, I should wrap myself up in my own virtue, and go for honest poverty without a circulation. There is much humanity about, when we are not too clever.

So it is that Macaulay has led me into another dissertation, in which nature was too strong for me. I worship those idols of my youth, on which all the letter-loving fancy I may have was bred and nurtured. Are all these idols to be broken, because tastes are supposed to be changed, and scholarship to have given place to information? Because there is so much dry bread and water, are there to be no cakes and ale? Are the men of another generation to be despised, because they did not write in the style of this, if indeed it is a style at all? An author who should have known better fell foul of Shakespeare the other day, for "not writing for the nineteenth century, at all events." "How the deuce should he," I heard a puzzled young actor mutter, "when he lived in the sixteenth?" I love to think of Macaulay, and to remember that I knew one of my favorite prophets in the flesh when I was a boy. I love ballad poetry, and I believe in it, and I appeal to Homer; and I maintain that no book of verse that ever was set down contains more stirring, more vivid, more dramatic pictures than the "Lays of Ancient Rome." And if that isn't poetry, what is it? It must be some kind of poetry.

Macaulay was often at my father's house, where our little circle had the opportunity of drawing much on the stores of that amazing memory, and gathering as it were some filings of the brain which the first Lord Lytton once described as "pure gold beaten out fine." His talk was wonderful; too much so, I fear, sometimes, for my rather juvenile impatience. I was always wanting to draw him out about Horatius or Virginia, when with all his good nature his mind was on other things intent; and must have been as dreadful a boy as I was to other long-suffering guests, when set up on a table to spout him, in the phenomenon fashion hinted at in another paper. I was a little irritated by his

taking interest, in my presence, in any trans-Teverine matter. And to this day I remember, as an odd comment on Sydney Smith's classic joke about his flashes of silence, how our family party fell in with him once on a Geneva lake steamer in my schoolboy times, and he discoursed so much history and antiquities about every point we passed, that I retired alone into the cabin, and ordered something to eat. The rebukes of my parents afterwards I shall not forget, for forfeiting such opportunities. Nor the gloomy way in which I murmured my wish that the great man would "write more poetry, and talk less prose." This small and early repartee, I fear, indicated even at that time a dangerous predilection for what in the drama is called "dialogue."

But I am constant to my first loves in letters, always, into whatever byways I may since have wandered for a time. The big dramatic Armada, when

Swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly  
war-flame spread,  
High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it  
shone on Beachy Head,

stirs all the pulses now as it stirred them first. And when next I cross to Boulogne I fear that I am more likely to beguile my qualms with the lovely legend of Black Auster and the dark grey charger, than in thinking out the Egyptian question. Very frivolous indeed.

Here memory takes another leap, helped by the scattered papers and notes which lie before me. What an odd thing it is, out of all the babble and bubble of political reform talk, — for it dawns on the wearied soul in time that it is nothing else after all, — to find that the chief practical reformers of recent years have been two: one a high-Tory nobleman of an extinct school, the other a man of letters who abhorred the men of politics, and eschewed the pursuit of them altogether. What real good amongst the people has been achieved in our generation, is the work of Lord Shaftesbury and of Charles Dickens. To them it is given to do; to ministers and Cabinets to talk, when they do not undo. Lord Shaftesbury's successor has to be found, and will be. Very pleasant is it for the letter-lover to know that Dickens, for his part, has left a worthy torch-bearer to follow him in that respect, in the strong and sympathetic spirit of Walter Besant. The gift to East Londoners of the People's Palace was no piece of Cabinet-making.

It was nearly twenty years ago that I

first became acquainted, though then only through letter, with that marvellous Charles Dickens. Marvellous beyond human marvel, and as a creative miracle second perhaps only to Shakespeare. Greater even than Shakespeare where Shakespeare was sometimes at his best, as a humorist pure and simple. As Thackeray once said, where he had himself his hundreds of readers, Dickens had his thousands; for he appealed straight to that same despised multitude, one of and with them in heart and feelings, and therefore free to bestow on them the outflow of his brain. Get inside the hearts of the public, gentlemen; and you will not be above their heads. You will be, till you do. "What are those things which keep going up and down in the City?" said Mr. Weller. "Busses," suggested Sam. Dickens was always in touch with the things which went up and down in the City. As with Shakespeare, too, so with him. Fiction is a plant which in its best form as a rule flowers late, after much study of character, experience of life, and apprenticeship in letters. Dickens's characters — caricatures if you like, but types also — and those are the characters which take hard hold — sprang from his young boy-brain like Minerva from the head of Jove. 'Specs they were put there. His novels were perfect in their natural development, till he took to making plots; which spoiled their spontaneity a little. And so inexhaustible was his sea of humor, that the merest foam-bells stranded on the shore have served since more than once to charge lesser cups to overflowing. They have turned up smiling in strange places, unbeknown. I could, an I would, make some suggestive quotations from some odd and ends of Dickens. At any day and hour, I defy anybody, however well-read in him, to take up a volume at random, and not hit upon some careless gem before unnoticed, "finding a spell unheard before" in the old humorous music. His illustrations crop up everywhere. How vividly the other day did an uncomfortable tea at an uncomfortable inn bring to mind the delicious definition of the toast of that ilk, as a "proof-impression of the bars of the fireplace."

Heaven and Mr. Bentley forgive me! I have relapsed unmeaning into criticism again; if indeed criticism be anything but finding fault. From that point of view it does not tempt me. Whilst one is young, I suppose one likes to say unpleasant things; as one waxes old, one should at least be content with thinking them. For

nothing am I more thankful than to feel that a certain satirical and discontented demon, which presided over all my youth, has been expelled in favor of a benevolent kind of cherub, who regards things in general genially, even as in physical life the drawing-room figure of my dancing years has given place to a dining-room one. Sherry in the blood is not so good as Burgundy. That I should be conscious of owing this comfortable condition of things only to the free gift of an absolute and simple faith upon the olden lines, is very shocking in such enlightened times. But it is true for all that.

For what remains to me of this paper, let me speak by the card. The death of Keeley the comedian, for whose art I had a great admiration, induced me to point a moral on "The Decline of Low Comedy," and drawing my bow at a venture, to send the essay to *All the Year Round*. It was mainly about Keeley's acting; and the delightful ignoring of the Buckstones, and Comptons, and Tooloes, and all the other capital artists who remained with us, must have been characteristic of the light and airy school of criticism which is "the way we all begin," whereof I spoke at the end of a former paper. Great however was my pleasure when the post did me the honor of bringing me a letter from the great man, which may be reproduced here. It is very characteristic of his personal interest in young writers and their subjects, and of his infinite capacity for taking pains. So too is what followed on the letter.

26 Wellington Street, Strand, London, W. C.  
Wednesday, March 3rd, 1869.

DEAR SIR, —

I shall be happy to retain the "Last of the Low Comedians" for insertion, if you do not object to its being much condensed, and narrowed into a remembrance of Keeley. As I leave town to-night, have the goodness to address your reply to my son, Mr. Charles Dickens, junior, here.

You are incorrect, I think, in supposing the public to have been unacquainted with Keeley's pathetic side. In one of his most famous parts — Peter Spyk in the "Loan of a Lover," — it was invariably recognized and highly acknowledged.

I take it for granted that you have seen him act "Dogberry"? I never did. But one of his most remarkable achievements, on the other hand, was "Verges." Under Mr. Macready's management of Drury Lane he played that part with such unusual subtlety and skill, that he threw Dogberry into the shade. For he was so lost in admiration of that portentous jackass, and became so much more absorbed in the contemplation of him as he became

more and more ridiculous, that he in a manner appropriated Dogberry to himself. I remember his pride in being patted on the head by Dogberry as something quite marvellous, by reason of the imbecile belief in him it expressed.

I think you do not mention the Sergeant's Wife. His chronic terror, as servant in a murderous house, was wonderfully fine. In an unsuccessful piece at the Lyceum, founded on a story of Washington Irving's, he *had seen a ghost before the curtain went up*. It was marked in his face and manner in the most extraordinary way. Such remembrances are essential to any review of his acting.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

I need not say how grateful was my answer; and I think it was the acceptance of this effort of mine which really determined the literary bent in me to have its way. For at that period I was supposed to be on my way to the woollack, and had written little but a small play or two under the necessary alias. Themis and Thespis were not a well-matched pair to run in a curricule; and when an authority like Dickens gave an unconscious helping hand to the jibbings of the unlicensed animal, the other was bound to get the worst of it. For a time I held on — my law-work lying chiefly in Indian fields — and people with strange names and stranger histories, Lalla Narain Dosses, Ruttonji Edulji Shets (I remember them all by heart), made wild work in the brain with Soonderbund Settlements, and with the more than Arabian Night adventures of the historic Begum Sumroo. Ye gods! what an astonishing story was that to reduce to the forms and sizes of dry legal narrative!

But Dickens's letter led to an odd result. He puzzled me about Dogberry; and, though Keeley's portraiture seemed vivid in my memory, I wondered if it was a dream of mine, especially when on cross-examining myself I reduced it to a certainty, that I could not have been more than ten years old when I saw the performance. That is early days for elaborate criticism, even for a we. So I sate down to take myself to task and think. And then and there memory played me one of the oddest tricks which even that eccentric nymph ever indulged in with anybody. I remembered the playbill; and gradually evolved a whole cast, with two exceptions. The familiar thick black lines of the huge programmes of that day, the ink whereof all came off on the fingers, reproduced themselves in my mind as Theatre Royal, Haymarket — from Don Pedro, Mr. Charles Selby; Claudio, Mr. Howe; Leo-

nato, Mr. Stuart; Dogberry, Mr. Keeley; Verges, Mr. Buckstone; Hero, Miss Reynolds, etc., down to Conrad, Mr. Brindal; Ursula, Miss Wouds; Margaret, Miss J. Wouds. Benedick and Beatrice alone, of all characters in the comedy, had left on my mind no impression and no names whatever! So out of my inner consciousness I constructed a theory that it must have been Mr. and Mrs. Kean, whom I had constantly seen in the parts at the Princess's afterwards; and sent my cast to Buckstone's son asking him to verify it for me, in or about 1849, from the old filed playbills which were, as I knew, kept in the theatre. He did verify it. My memory had served me in the minutest particular; but as to Benedick and Beatrice I was quite wrong. They were played by a lady and gentleman, I believe, from America, whose names I had never to my knowledge heard of, and have forgotten again now. Their performance must have fallen quite flat upon my schoolboy mind, where Keeley's Dogberry had left its mark forever.

Dickens, always interested in studying the mind's odd ways of work, was much amused by this history of a crook, and by his own offer undertook to correct such very youthful memories out of his own full experience, and to add to the little essay as well as to prune and edit it. It was wonderfully done; and to me, while such an association to a hero-worshipper like myself (for so even in these wise days I am) has always been an infinite source of pride and pleasure, it is also interesting evidence of the pains he threw into everything. He altered nothing. He omitted merely; then added a page and a half at the end, so carefully and skilfully interwoven with my own work and the tone of it that one might well be puzzled where the link was forged. This postscript of his, which contains some fine and thoughtful criticism, enlarged on the ideas suggested in his letter, especially on Keeley's Verges in relation to the "portentous jackass" Dogberry; surely as good a summary in brief of a famous character as we are likely to meet with. I do not know if Dickens took this personal share in many of the articles he published. But a man may be forgiven for the sense of pleasure and pride with which he links what was practically his first introduction to the guild with the sponsorship of that renowned and sympathetic name. I may be pardoned, too, for the mixed pride and envy with which I read very kind things of the little essay, which was attributed

to Dickens and Macready. I burned to claim my honors; but the shadow of that woolsack forbade.

My personal acquaintance with the great novelist was to belong only to the last season of his life. But what a picture of kindness and interest it leaves! He had a house in London for the season. Fresh from the fascination of private theatricals, at Sir Percy Shelley's pretty theatre among the Boscombe pines, where one of Dickens's daughters had like myself been among the players, I met him for the first time at dinner on the evening after I had left them. He was at once deeply interested in a history of the proceedings, particularly in the tremendous melodrama which had been the chief article in the bills of fare. It was called "Carlmilhan," and had been selected by our kindly host and manager (how the halo of that same majority circles the name of Shelley, too!) chiefly because of the wild variety of trap-doors, thunder-storms, cutlass encounters, and illicit stills which pervaded that extraordinary play; the work, I believe, of the late ingenious Mr. Fitzball. Sir Percy revelled in mechanical appliances of all kinds, and looked after them all himself. Dickens enjoyed "Carlmilhan," at second hand, like a boy, the more as he said he had fancied that he knew the name of every new play that had been acted for years (melodrama of the higher kind was his pet passion), but that this strange-named pirate was entirely new to him. So much, however, did the train of thought suggested fire the old play spirit in the man, that it came about that the last months of his life were to be associated once more with the art he had loved and practised so well.

"What a pity you write these things," said some old prompter to him once over Martin or Nicholas—"such an actor as you would have been!"

It was at Charles Dickens's suggestion that some of us, his daughters included, cast and mounted a little two-act drama for performance at one of Lady F.'s entertainments at Cromwell Houses. He meant at first to take a part himself; but the lameness from which he was suffering, which, alas! was the token of the end, prevented him from feeling equal to it. But he superintended and managed the whole thing, and rehearsed with us every day at his house till we migrated to the scene of performance. His interest was keen and young as ever; and he threw himself into every part with each actor in turn in a way not to be forgotten. It was an odd

play, if of a soberer complexion than "Carlmilhan," and I don't quite know why we chose it; but it served. To me it fell to enact an Austrian banker of such mysterious proclivities, that one day I asked our director why he didn't give me as many hints as to some of the others.

"Oh! you'll be all right," he said.

"But, Mr. Dickens, at least tell me if my part is comic or tragic."

"God alone knows, my boy" (with such such a twinkle). "*Play it whichever way you feel at night.*"

I felt comic, I remember, and essayed to convey my impressions; but I think my audience took it rather the other way. I thought I was humorous; but I believe they didn't. A happy thought suggested to me, to mark my identity, that Austrian bankers always wear tail coats, pearl-grey trousers, a white waistcoat, and a piece of red ribbon. I did; and the clothes were a success. The effect was voted very Austrian.

Not so with a brother player, who appeared as a military officer of the same race, in a truly marvellous uniform evolved out of their own historic consciousness, by the great archaeological house of Nathan, of Tichborne Street. I never saw such enormous white stripes anywhere; or a lover with a coat more in evidence. Judge of his feelings, when he went to take the things off before joining the company in front, to find that somebody had removed his own dress suit. We sought in vain; and he had to hide that uniform under an overcoat as best he might, and make his diminished way home, cursing at large. He had been connected with the Queen's Navee. And he did swear, I remember.

Charles Dickens was with us all the evening in the prompter's corner, little as most of the crowd in front knew whom the curtain concealed. He neglected no detail and lost no line; and impressed me deeply with that habit of close and minute attention to which he, with some truth, though with too much modesty—attention does not generate such gifts as his—was wont to attribute the success of his career. In this as in greater matters, it was conspicuous. When the play was over, he would not go in front, but thanked us all round with a kindly expression of his own enjoyment, and went—home. From me he parted with a cordial grasp of the hand, and an invitation for a summer visit to the house at Gadshill, which I hoped would prove one of my most cherished memories. As he writes so touchingly of his dream pictures at the end of

"Hard Times"—"These things were never to be." It is happy to feel, I think, that the last days were associated so closely with the relaxation he had always loved the best. For we acted on the second of June; and on the ninth he was gone. The morning following I took up my paper in a train between Cambridge and Ely, and read in the first leading article the simple words, "Charles Dickens is dead." Full as my mind of course was of him just then, the shock was tenfold multiplied. Never at any other time have the depth and height—the gravity and the reality—of the great leap been brought so forcibly home to me—burnt into experience with such lightning vividness. But he died as he had lived; almost in the act of giving pleasure to others out of his own pleasure. And so he would have wished to die.

It was with other feelings beside pain that I read afterwards in the "Men of Letters" series a totally different account of the last days of Dickens, in which he is represented as sad and hopeless during all the last months of his life—shunning society, and even old friends—never able to go above a ground-floor (our acting was on the first floor) outside his own house, and doing that even only once, in order to meet a royal prince, the ground-floor being arranged for the purpose! Late in May the novelist is described as having dined for the last time in London in very low spirits, and then at once left town, never to be there again. And so forth. The mistake was pointed out at the time; but there was neither denial, nor admission, nor withdrawal. The biographer was a university professor, I believe. And professors are nothing nowadays, if not infallible. He would have shown a better grace and modesty, nevertheless, I think, had he admitted that he had trusted his authorities too hastily in so gloomily parodying the end of a great life, and withdrawn and altered the closing chapters. Truly these potted biographies must lend a new terror, indeed, to the deaths of great ones. As it is, future readers will accept the authorized version; and my humble piece of personal truth, to those who ever heard of it, will be as the baseless fabric of a dream. The life, as it ought to have ended, is set down in the book of the series edited by John Morley. Therefore it must be true.

Oh, Mr. John Morley! Mr. John Morley! You are not yet with the majority—happily in more senses than one. But if you should read or hear of this little

true story, and contrast it with the account which has the weighty sanction of your name, will it not recall to you something of your own young days, which those tenacious Oxford memories connect chiefly with distinction "on the boards"? Who would have thought it? Not in the debating battles of the Union (oh, ominous name!), but in the covers of the little yellow books, were your first inspirations found. Edit that end of a life again, Mr. Morley, in your next lucid and literary interval, and have a tenderness for those frivolous pursuits in which you were once a partaking sinner. Was it from the prevailing vice of English play-making of those days, I wonder (much changed now, happily, though not altogether), that you first learned to apply your experience in a larger field, and adapt our institutions from the French?

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
BISON-STALKING.

" Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,

Crashing the forest in his race,  
The mountain bull comes thundering on."

ONE of the best and best-known sportsmen in India has said emphatically, "After elephant-shooting, there is perhaps no sport with the rifle to be compared to bison-stalking." Owing to the very proper government restrictions as to elephant-shooting, which protect that most noble and useful animal from extermination, I have had little experience of its chase; but though I cannot pretend to thorough knowledge of the sport, I have had several opportunities of following the Indian bison, and doing battle with him in his forest strongholds.

May I recount the experiences of a short trip to one of the jungles of southern India, and invite the reader to accompany me while I retrace the tedious journey from the Indian station, tread again the forest paths beneath the whispering bamboos, under the guidance of the wild *shikharri*, and meet the noble herd in the silent recesses of the wood?

Before going further, let me say a word in description of the Indian bison, as no live representative has ever been brought to Europe, and lest the reader should, as many people have done, confound him with the American bison (*Bison americanus*), or the true bison of Europe (*Bison urus* or *aurochs*). These two have fifteen and fourteen pairs of ribs respectively.

They belong to the same sub-family, cattle (*Bovinae*), but are members of the bison-tine group; while the animal known as the Indian bison belongs to the taurine group, has thirteen pairs of ribs, and is more nearly allied to the old wild cattle of England, whose last descendants are still found in Lord Tankerville's park at Chillingham, and under the old trees at Hamilton Palace.

The Indian bison, or more properly *gaur*, is the most magnificent in appearance of all his family. He is an inhabitant of all the large forests of India, from near Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. The height of a good bull at the shoulder is six feet or more, and his length, including tail, nearly twelve feet. His chest is broad, with deep and powerful shoulders; his neck, which is sunk between the head and the back, short, thick, and heavy. The hind quarters are lower than the fore, and fall suddenly from the ridge of the back. He has short, strongly-jointed legs, with arms exceedingly strong and muscular. He carries his massive, full-muzzled head nobly, with the muzzle rather thrust forward, and his peculiar eye, with pale slaty-blue pupil, gives him a somewhat grave and serious expression. The whole forehead is covered with hair of a greyish color, which darkens into brown or black on the rest of his body, while his legs are white. He has hardly any hair behind the shoulders, and the quarters are generally quite bare. He carries grand horns, which are smooth and polished, though in old individuals they are broken at the tips, and rough with rings at the base.

The gaur is one of the most wary of animals. He ordinarily wanders in the hills, but in boisterous weather, and when bothered by a species of gnat, he descends to the lower country. Gaur are generally found in small herds of from six to twelve, but occasionally larger numbers are congregated. There is seldom more than one bull with the herd, but these herd bulls are by no means the great object of the hunter's ambition. The old solitary bull, who disdains to join the common crowd, and who roams the forest in sulky majesty, is the treasure which is most keenly sought for, and whose chase gives the greatest perfection of sport.

The bison is naturally courageous, and has the credit of being sometimes fierce and dangerous. He does not generally commence hostilities, though natives will tell many tales of bulls charging the traveller unexpectedly from behind cover, and

many forest men will refuse to act as guides in the parts of the jungle which they frequent. There is no doubt that he must be approached with care if he is wounded, and, even in the most recent days, narrow escapes have been recorded in his chase. In the Indian papers a few years ago were told the experiences of a well-known soldier and sportsman, who was shooting in the Mysore jungles, and wounded a bull. Unfortunately he moved forward, and the bison caught sight of him before he had reloaded. He was in the act of slipping fresh cartridges into his rifle, when the bull turned and showed fight. The breech action of the rifle became jammed for a moment, when the enemy charged. No shot could be given to stop the onslaught, and the bison pursued the sportsman round and round a bamboo clump till he tripped and fell. The huge head lowered threateningly over him, and the massive horns ploughed the earth first on one side and then on the other. Fortunately they themselves kept away the crushing force of the shaggy forehead, and their wide sweep and incurved points made the attack harmless. The victim had the presence of mind to avoid each savage dig, and to kick the bison on the muzzle with his nailed boots in return. Most fortunately, the great beast took the hint and made off, leaving the sportsman to gather himself together and congratulate himself on his escape, *quitting pour la peur*. But this danger is a most unusual occurrence, and generally the courage which makes a wounded bison turn to attack his pursuer signs his own death-warrant, as it gives an opportunity for a finishing shot.

I had been quartered for some months at the pleasantest cantonment in southern India before I was able to spare ten days for a short campaign in the jungle, and to try to realize the dreams of big-game shooting which had been excited by the vivid writings of great Nimrods, and the graphic descriptions of sporting adventure which old Anglo-Indians pour forth in such profusion. I had heard of a State forest, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, which had not lately been visited, and which was said to hold bison, tiger, sambur, chital, and other game in most promising quantity and variety. An appeal to the resident procured me the necessary permission from the native authorities to shoot in the district, to get all assistance from the officials, and to get necessary supplies of food for master and servants from the headmen of the villages. A week previous to my own departure, I

despatched a bullock-cart, containing tent, rifles, and stores of food and drink not to be found in the wilds, under the charge of a native cook. And here let me explain that even for a very short trip it is necessary to take a most voluminous assortment of articles, for nothing can be reckoned on as supplied by the country beyond eggs and chickens, and possibly a sheep; and that, moreover, if delay happens through illness or accident, communication is tedious and uncertain, and all necessities in food, medicine, etc., which are not found in the original cartload of stores, may be regretted, but cannot be procured or substitutes found. Two country bullocks drew the cart, and would cover about twenty miles a day, so that about a week would find them at my shooting-ground. The battery which was sent consisted of a double-barrelled 12-bore rifle, carrying a 1½ oz. bullet and 6 drams of powder, a .450 express rifle, and a pair of shot-guns. This was by no means a perfect equipment, as a heavier rifle than a 12-bore has many advantages in big-game shooting; but it was a very fair one, and the question of calibres is still vexed and uncertain.

It was late in the year, too late, as many authorities think (early in December), when I started. The jungle herbage would be grown so dense and high as to make stalking difficult, but there was the advantage of cool weather for travelling, and as the season had been wet and windy, there was a greater probability that the bison would have sheltered themselves in approachable valleys, instead of burying themselves in the distant recesses of the hills. My travelling-carriage was what is called a transit-cart—a sort of small covered van on two wheels, with a perch in front, on which the driver and my native servant sat. Inside there are two cross benches as seats, but for long night journeys boards are laid over these seats, with a mattress upon them, forming, with plaids and rugs, a fairly comfortable bed. If we add nets slung on the roof to carry small, light articles, ample space under the seats for portmanteau and luncheon-basket, and a supply of books and tobacco to while away the time, a transit-cart is by no means to be despised by the traveller who is proof against a considerable amount of jolting, and is prepared for an occasional breakdown or upset. Two of the famous trotting bullocks of Mysore drew my conveyance, and covered on an average four miles an hour. They were changed every seven or eight

miles, by giving due notice to the native authorities, who warn the villages along the road that bullocks will be wanted, and who are bound to supply the requirements of travellers at a fixed tariff.

My start was made late in the evening, and by one o'clock the following day I had covered sixty-one miles. Here we halted for a couple of hours to let the men cook their rice, and to take advantage of a convenient travellers' bungalow for a bath and some food. The quaint old Indian village spread itself on the borders of a wide tank, surrounded by paddy fields and sugarcane, and girt about with the stout clay walls and turrets which, in the old marauding days, gave shelter to the timid and unwarlike from the threatening clouds of Mahratta spearmen. All the country showed marks of the dire famine of 1879, in lands which still bore the traces of previous cultivation, and deserted mud huts, whose remains were almost indistinguishable in the brown soil; but it was cheering to see prosperity reasserting itself, and acre by acre the old farms being brought to yield their supply of raggi, coolthi, and paddy.

However, my driver reports himself again ready for a start, and on we travel without delay till nine the following morning, when we find ourselves one hundred and thirty-one miles from the station. Another halt at a bungalow, and again the welcome bath and tea dear to the Anglo-Indian. The deputy collector is here on an official visit. Two useful-looking horses are picketed in the compound; a weather-beaten dog-cart and a bullock-cart repose, with their shafts in the air, in a corner. The bullocks are contentedly chewing the cud in the shade, a saddle is in the verandah, two dignified peons and some native servants hover about, and the deputy collector himself, who has ridden thirty miles since daybreak, dashes out in shirt and *pyjamas*, armed with a pen, and welcomes the chance European visitor to his apartment, whose most noticeable furniture is a large official desk, a gun-case, and a teapot with a broken spout. This genial administrator places himself and his district at my disposal; tells me of two tigers within eight miles, which he has hitherto failed to account for, expatiates on the antelope country twelve miles off, to which he will personally conduct me, throws in wild statements of unnumbered duck and snipe among which I may disport myself, if I will only remain with him for a time, and shows all the hospitality which, once the characteristic of Anglo-

Indians, is now, alas ! becoming a thing of the past. Time presses, however, I scent the great battle with the bison from afar, and I can only consign myself again to my transit-cart, receiving much advice and information, and bequeathing the last delicious new novel that has arrived from England, which is a rare treat to the hard-worked district official. Two or three indifferent pairs of bullocks in succession and a bad cross-road make the end of my journey slow in the extreme. But the road winds through scrub jungle, and is overshadowed by wild jungle trees, such as are not seen in the civilized cantonment. I watch the slowly sinking sun lighting up the near range of wooded hills. I pass tank after tank, and mark the duck edging off to the distant side as they watch suspiciously my cart rumbling along the road, while the whistling teal, less nervous, continues to paddle about among the mud near the water's edge. At last, when all is dark and silent, about 8 P. M., I arrive at my destination.

Let me describe my halting-place as I saw it by the earliest rays of the next day's morning sun. A travellers' bungalow, but, being on an unfrequented road, a third-class one. A low, mud-built cottage, containing only two rooms, but with the spacious Indian verandah, and with several tumble-down out-houses for servants. No furniture but a table, a couple of rude chairs, and a *charpoy*, and these, I believe, had been lately sent in anticipation of my visit. But the situation, lovely. On a sloping, grassy meadow, at the foot of low, rolling hills covered with forest, which grows down to the back railing of the enclosure ; a footpath leads from the bungalow to the village, a quarter of a mile distant, from which come the varied sounds of Indian life, and the melodious wash of the great river on whose bank the village stands. A swampy range of green paddy-fields, and the native herdsman driving his lean cattle to graze in the forest, complete the picture.

In the morning after my arrival I held a levee of the village authorities, who came to pay their respects, and to learn the pleasure of the sahib, who was recommended by the distant authority of their sovereign. The *amildar*, an aristocratic-looking Mussulman in a red turban — a descendant of Tipoo, the tiger prince of Mysore, and, as such, a participator in a small way of the pension still given by his English conquerors ; the *kotwal* and *shaykdar*, two Hindoos, whose object seemed to be to get as much money in

*backshish* as they decently could ; Abdul Rahman, the forest ranger, who arranges for the marketing and felling of the valuable trees in the State forest, which yield no small slice of the yearly revenue of the native government. Last, and most important of all, Afsul, the *shikarri*. Never shall I forget him. Brave, keen, untiring, deeply skilled in woodcraft, I am proud to number him among the valued friends whom I made in India. I always acted confidently under his directions ; he showed me much sport, and I never found him wrong or at a loss. A little, bow-legged, wiry Mussulman, with broad deep chest, and long sinewy arms, a keen aquiline face, and thin pointed beard. He certainly did not sacrifice much to appearance in his toilet, which only consisted of a very dirty waist-cloth, an old ragged grey blanket over his shoulders, and a red cotton handkerchief twisted round his head. When I knew him better, this red handkerchief was a sure barometer of the probability of success in a stalk, for, as he got near his game, and thought that every moment might bring him face to face with the mighty bull, off came the handkerchief and blanket, and were tightly twisted round his waist. His real vocation was collecting honey in the forest, in which he roamed in search of bees' nests for days at a time. He had come in twenty miles on foot during the previous night to meet me and get a job at his loved *shikar*, and there he stood, silent and ready for another long and possibly arduous day.

The accounts of the presence of bison were conflicting, so it was settled that Afsul should go to consult some of the forest peons, and hear where the freshest tracks had been seen, and that we should not take the field till midday. It need hardly be said that the intervening hours lagged somewhat on their course ; but a prolonged breakfast and a stroll passed the time, and noon came at last, and with it Afsul, his face wearing an expression of quiet satisfaction as he announced that he could take me to bison at once.

We started without delay — myself, Afsul, and a forest peon. I carried the .450 express for any casual shooting, while Afsul shouldered my 12-bore until the time of real action should arrive. We are all naturally gregarious animals, but I must say that there is to me an untold charm in a solitary sporting excursion, when I am alone in the vast wood — alone at least as far as thought or conversation are concerned, for the means of commu-

nication with the shikarri are limited to the simplest subjects, and he is to me more like a highly trained pointer, who at my direction finds the game and brings me up to it, leaving the rest to me, and not asking to intrude on me in any way beyond his own particular function. It is a selfish feeling in a way, no doubt, to feel that you and you alone are enjoying the woodland charm, and are to profit by the chances of the chase, but I plead guilty to it most completely, and enjoy my loneliness as an unmixed delight.

We followed a beaten track for a mile, and then plunged into the jungle, passing under magnificent teak-trees with their enormous leaves, then through vast clumps of bamboo and sandal-wood, and other, to me unknown, forest plants. Nor was animal life wanting. Two spotted deer dashed across the glade in front of us. The large handsome Malabar squirrel flashed his golden coat in the branches over our head, and quaint birds of gorgeous plumage flitted across our path. A mile and a half of jungle-walking, and we came to a stream whose muddy banks showed that the mighty elephant had often there quenched his thirst; and, oh joy! among the massive foot-prints Afsul pointed to a sharply cut print, more like that of a large deer than anything else, and whispered "*Koolga*" (bison).

We scrambled through the stream and up the slippery bank on the other side, and there track after track crossing each other in different directions, some fresh, some old, showed that bison had been recently haunting that part of the forest. Then the real business of the tracker began. Slowly pacing along, critically examining every track, now stooping to pick up a bruised leaf pressed into the soil by the weighty tread, now turning to look at a blade of the lofty grass or a twig of the jungle undergrowth, which had been bent or broken from its original direction, while I followed in breathless expectation behind. No sound in the forest, but the distant hoot of the *langur*, and the mournful sigh of the breeze through the foliage overhead. At last, after much devious wandering, Afsul suddenly stops, and, taking up a morsel of broken leaf from the ground, calls the forest peon into consultation.

I wait anxiously for the verdict, which is solemnly given in a whisper, that several bison have been there within a few hours. We know that they cannot be distant, and we clear for action. I take the 12-bore and see that the cartridges are all right,

while the peon takes the lighter rifle. On we go, no longer in desultory wandering, but following step by step the footsteps of the herd. Every jungle sign is examined with redoubled care; no longer we walk unheeding from thicket to thicket, but a searching eye peers round every corner before we debouch from the shelter of each gigantic tree. The unshod foot of the native falls noiselessly as a feather on the ground, while I struggle vainly to pass over the *débris* of dried bamboo and withered teak leaves without waking the echoes at every pace. From time to time, when I make a louder crackle than usual, Afsul darts a look of remonstrance over his shoulder. I perspire profusely, in bracing every muscle in the attempt to emulate the snakelike movement of my guide, but certainly with only moderate success. I could not have believed before that one man could make so much noise. How I wished that

The light harebell would raise its head  
Elastic 'neath my airy tread.

How long did this last? I believe not more than half an hour, but in the time I lived weeks of anxiety and self-reproach.

Suddenly—what was that? Has anybody fired a pistol ahead of us? No, it must be a bison crashing through a giant bamboo. Afsul puts back his hand and presses me down, till he can be certain of the direction. A gleam of combat shoots over his face. Off come his red head-gear and his blanket, and are twisted tightly round his loins, his muscular shoulders showing in gleaming bronze in the afternoon sun. Then slowly, very slowly, he steals forward. The anxieties of the past are now nothing to the trepidation of the present. Again and again the crackling of bamboos—now like a pistol-shot, now like a crack of the great wagon-whip of South Africa. We worm our way along, following the moving herd, through muddy watercourse, through ruthless thorns, and over the most inexorable of rocks. Twenty minutes at least of mortal agony, when Afsul, quivering with excitement, turns and says, "*Maro, maro!*" (shoot, shoot!)

I try to pull myself together, and stare into what appears a vast confused mass of foliage. Afsul's patience is getting exhausted, and he points madly in a particular direction. I struggle to follow his eagle glance, and at last see a huge head glaring at me about fifty yards off,—the grey forehead of a bull, the slaty eye, and the broad muzzle thrown forward in the

true fashion of the noble bison. Nothing to be seen of the body — nothing but a thickly intertwined mass of jungle herbage and branches. I knew enough of bison-shooting theoretically to know that it is hopeless to fire at the head, where the vital parts are protected by an almost impenetrable bulwark of solid bone. No better chance offers, so drawing a long breath, I fire where I fancy his throat may be. Heavens! what a stampede followed the shot. The crash as of a squadron of cavalry, the clatter of hoofs, the rending of tree and bush filled the air. We dashed forward. I could see some huge backs plunging through the distant jungle, and where the old bull was — nothing.

How I abused myself mentally as a duffer; how, as I mopped my streaming brow, I felt that tears would better become me than perspiration, need not be told. Still, a gleam of hope shone on me. Afsul was questioning about on the track that the bison had followed, and I saw him pounce on a broken leaf, with the comforting word "blood." There it was, unmistakably, a tiny drop of fresh blood, so tiny that none but the hawk eye of the forest man could have distinguished it. Then began a weary but exciting pursuit, which lasted till the sun was dropping over the lowest trees of the forest. Here a gout of gore seemed to promise that a severe wound had been inflicted. Then for a long distance nothing guided us but a fresh hoof-print, a broken stem, or a jungle leaf stained with the tell-tale red spot. Once or twice we heard a movement ahead. Nor was our path an easy one — for the most part through elephant-grass nine or ten feet high, whose sturdy stems and broad leaves were no contemptible obstacle. The wonder of it was that a herd of seven or eight huge animals should have passed before us, through grass, bush, and foliage, and hardly left a trace behind, — few traces, at least, that could be detected by any eye not trained from childhood in forest signs. At last, as we arrived on the crest of a small hill, we saw him, not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant, in all his noble proportions in the valley beneath. Only a momentary glimpse. With a snort of contempt he plunged again into obscurity, followed by a vain and harmless snap shot. It was now nearly dark. Afsul said that further chase was useless, as the bull was travelling well and strongly, — leaping over the broken-down trees instead of blundering through them. Reluctantly I

made up my mind that my first essay had not been a success, and that I had better turn my steps homewards. This I did through the darkling forest, having at any rate the consoling thought that, in the shikarri's opinion, the bull was only slightly wounded, and would soon recover. Probably he had only been hit on his massive shoulder, and the bullet had glanced off the bone.

Serious was the council of war that evening as to the best plan of action for my few available days. Long and earnest was the consultation with the trusty Afsul over a camp-fire, after dinner and a soothing cigarette had softened the bitterness of the day's failure. Should we plunge deeper into the forest from our present quarters and look for other bison, which, the village herdsman said, were wandering near? Or should we leave our quarters altogether, move to a hut in a more central position, and recommence operations in an entirely new district? Finally we decided on the latter, and marching orders were issued for the following morning.

The forest hut that we were to make for was between five and six miles off. It was one of the few that are put up for the use of the forest officials while the timber is being selected for felling; but as wood-cutting for the year had not yet commenced, it would be empty, and the neighboring forest quite undisturbed. And here let me remark how advisable it is, when in a malarious jungle, to live in a hut, however rude, in preference to a tent; and if a tent must be used that it should be a small thick one, instead of the large one of comparatively open material generally used in India.

Having seen my bullock-cart well on its way on an almost undistinguishable track on the following morning, I started myself with Abdul Rahman, the forest ranger, to walk by a shorter cut. Nothing can be more lovely than early day in an Indian jungle.

There pipe anthems of all the birds,  
The köil's fluted song, the bulbul's hymn,  
The "*morning morning*" of the painted thrush,  
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth  
To find the honey ere the bees be out,  
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes  
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,  
The never finished love-talk of the doves.

To a European — even to the man whose Indian experiences have been confined to cities and cantonments — everything is

strange, everything has an interest and a charm; and in the fresh morning air, with the cool jungle grass under foot, a morning walk is an unmixed pleasure. So it is; but may there not be a discordant note of—shall I say—funk, suddenly thrust into your satisfaction? Or shall I modify the feeling into slight nervousness? Abdul Rahman and I were strolling along, pleased, mutually I trust, with our society, when we came to a streamlet crossing our path. My friend gave a start, and his cheery face grew long and serious. There at his foot was the foot-mark of a large tiger, only lately pressed into the mud—so lately, that the water all round it had not had time to ooze into the impression. A step or two further, and we came upon more most unmistakable signs of the tiger's recent presence, and we knew that he must then be in the wood within a few yards of us. I began to regret that I had only a walking-stick instead of a rifle; and Abdul quickened his pace, while glancing right and left at the thick bush all round us. However, I believe we had nothing to fear. I afterwards heard that the tiger was an old acquaintance—almost a confidential friend—of the district, and was probably only lurking near the village in hopes of picking up some stray cattle from the village herd—a toll which he no doubt considered his right. He probably knew the herdsmen by sight, and was not foolish enough to jeopardize his character for harmlessness by eating man—even an unwary stranger in the land—as long as bullocks were plentiful.

We arrived at the forest lodge, a mud hut of one room, in the middle of a small clearing. A swampy stream trickled past within a few yards, and fed a clear burn that sparkled through the trees on the edge of the woodland. Everywhere the ground was stamped with the great tread of the wild elephants which had passed and repassed the clearing, careless of occasional human visitors. The hut itself, with its two or three subsidiary sheds, was built with the floor raised three feet off the ground, a most necessary precaution for natives as much as for Europeans from the feverish malaria.

The fates were against me that afternoon, and it was not till the next day that I was able again to go on the war-path. We started between six and seven—Afsul, the peon, and myself. As we dived into the forest path, the night mists were rising slowly, and still hung on the tree-tops. The long grass, soaked with moist-

ure, almost met overhead, and made us carry the rifles with every precaution, to keep them at least dry, while the rising sun glimmered through the branches, and was greeted by the cheery crow of the jungle cock. We had a walk of three or four miles, marking *en route* many tracks of chital, sambur, bison, and elephant, but seeing nothing but one small barking deer, which stood provokingly close and stared at us, as if he knew that we dared not fire a shot, for fear of disturbing the mightier game.

No tracks presented themselves sufficiently fresh to tempt a pursuit. After much devious search, we entered a little glade, where lay, half-buried by vegetation, an old rotten moss-grown trunk, an overthrown tree, which had once towered among the giants of the forest. Afsul's professional eye detected a solitary bee, issuing from a crevice to meet the warmth of the now glowing sun, and suddenly plunging his arm up to the shoulder into the recesses of the trunk, he pulled out a large handful of honey-comb, coolly brushing off a dozen bees, that stuck to him, and which seemed either to have forgotten to sting or to find the skin of the honey-collector proof against their weapons. While he was munching his comb and marking the store with a view to a future visit, the peon and I passed ahead. There was a slight noise in the jungle, a little gentle crackle of branches. Afsul sprang from behind, clutched me by the shoulder, and, with a face full of excitement, hissed out "*Koolga!*" We moved stealthily on, Afsul parting the branches carefully to get a clearer view. A vast form showed indistinctly through the trees. The peon whispered "*Anay*" (elephant). But there was a sudden snort and a half-whistling low, which could only come from a bison. Afsul dashed forward from one cover to another, dragging me with him. We saw the great beast moving slowly towards us, half hidden by the trees and bamboos. I tried to move to one side, as Afsul was rather in my way, when the bison turned to make off. I took a fairly careful shot, and (as we afterwards found) hit him behind the elbow. He moved on, however, and we followed warily, after I had reloaded. About three hundred yards further on, we could just see him standing in the middle of thick jungle, and I fired both barrels deliberately where his great side loomed through the branches. This finished him, and we heard the crash as of the fall of a tower. *Profundit humbos.* Afsul clutched my hunting-knife,

dropped blanket and headgear, rushed at the mighty fallen, sprang upon the heaving side, and seizing a horn, plunged the knife in his throat. What a moment of satisfaction! and yet not altogether unalloyed. Who could look at the corpse of the gallant slain without some feeling of remorse, however slight and fleeting, and regret that he would roam his forest solitudes, his home for many long years, no more? He was a grand solitary bull (a *wantaga* in the jungle dialect), with horns ringed at the base from age, and battered and chipped at the points from fighting. He was measured carefully on the spot, by pulling his fore legs out straight and placing a stake in the ground at his feet and another at his shoulder, and passing a string fairly between them clear of his body. He measured just six feet in height, and from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, eleven feet six inches.

So much exertion deserved refreshment, which I took in biscuits and cold tea, just tempered from my pocket-flask, while my attendants squatted aside contentedly and chewed betel. I offered them each a dram, but Afsul, the Mussulman, declined, while the Hindoo peon took his down with the smack of satisfaction of a Highland gillie.

At length we roused ourselves, marked where our bison lay, and struck off in an untried direction, to see if the afternoon would emulate the morning's good fortune. We descended to a lower level, and got into yet thicker and darker jungle than we had hitherto traversed. I made my first acquaintance with the jungle leech. I was aware of a small, thread-like being, which had dropped from a leaf and was wriggling on the sleeve of my coat, vainly struggling to make his way through the strong linen — another on my wrist, which was pushed off with difficulty, leaving a drop of blood behind. This was most discomposing. I was prepared for the bison's charge and for any of the other legitimate chances of shikar, but I was not prepared for the attacks of these insinuating miscreants. There is something more than disagreeable in the abiding thought of tiny bloodsuckers, and fancied ticklings all over my body introduced the *amari aliquid* into the excitement and pleasure of the sport.

It would be tedious again to describe the search for fresh tracks, the long and exciting stalk, and the final knowledge that the game was almost within reach; but now the density of the jungle was against us, and an unlucky bamboo, hid-

den in the long grass, gave a warning crack, not, I am glad to say, under my foot, but that of the careful Afsul, and the small herd of three beasts that we were following bolted just as we caught a glimpse of them. I fired, however, at a young bull on chance, and when we followed to the spot where they had been sheltering, we found blood. Then came a two hours' chase, with all its varied agitation and alternations of hope and fear. On we went and still on, and, though I could not help seeing that the shikarris showed less and less confidence, my spirits were kept up by the constant large drops of blood which I could see on my track. At last the trackers threw up their heads, like hounds at fault, declared that the bison was only slightly wounded, and that further pursuit was useless.

I was confounded. Whence were the blood tracks which I had marked so confidently and with such satisfaction? Alas! I saw the men picking the wretched leeches from their bare legs, and I knew that it was the blood which dropped from them, as they preceded me, which had stained the jungle-grass and wofully deceived. The sun was sinking, and there were five miles to cover before we could reach the hut. So ended the sport of a day to be marked with a white stone — the day of my first bison, and that a big solitary bull.

The *chucklers* of the nearest village were sent for, and despatched into the jungle to secure the trophies of the chase. These are men of the lowest caste, who have none of the scruples about working with any dead animals, clean or unclean, skinning them and preparing leather, which are common among most Hindoos. The shikarri was with me, and therefore could not assist, but eight stout and most hideous men, almost quite black, and wearing a minimum of clothing, under the guidance of the peon, brought in my bull's head in triumph, skinned it artistically, and prepared it for the final manipulation of the great Mr. Ward.

I could describe two more days of the most thrilling and delightful sport, but in bison-stalking, as in everything else, history repeats itself. Bison are not monarchs, whose destinies thrill the world, nor are shikarris statesmen and generals, whose powers of speech and onliness can be discussed by admiring thousands; so I spare the details of pursuit, triumph, and failure. I may say that the bull's head did not travel to the station alone, and that I left the reputation in the forest of

being a lucky sahib. How important that reputation is to those who intend to tread the same paths, and employ the same shikarris again, all old sportsmen will know.

One word before losing the attention of the reader, if I have kept it so far, on the supposed dangers of jungle life, which I have heard many expatiate upon. No doubt there are deadly snakes in the forest; but I never heard of any of the jungle men being bitten, and I myself have only once seen one, upon which I narrowly escaped treading in the ardor of a stalk. Poor chap! he was in a greater funk of me than I was of him, and his beautifully ringed form disappeared in flight at once. I have never suffered from anything more deadly than my enemies the leeches, and to find your stockings full of blood at the end of a day's work is the worst evil they can inflict upon you.

No doubt bison will charge sometimes, but the hunter who is careful, after he has fired, to reload before moving, may move with confidence. If a bull does show fight, a steady shot, even if it does not hit him in a vital place, will always floor him, or at any rate turn him from his attack.

The bugbear of fever is much overestimated. Of course, no one can suppose that a damp forest in a tropical country is wholesome in this respect. But with reasonable precautions, the danger is reduced to a minimum. The hunter who is in fair health to begin with, lives well and temperately, takes care after a day's work to put on dry clothes at once, and sleeps in as comfortable a bed and in as good a shelter as possible, has little to fear. I have always taken a daily ration of quinine as a prophylactic. It may be a good thing to do, and as I have never had jungle fever, I suppose I ought to say that it is a good thing.

Let me finish by making use of the oft-quoted words of the immortal Jorrock, and say that I have found that stalking the bison is "the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger."

From Nature.

#### A REVIEW OF LIGHTHOUSE WORK AND ECONOMY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

##### I.

It may be useful to recapitulate very briefly the various steps of progress in this important branch of engineering and

optical enterprise since the beginning of the queen's reign. And a few words may be added on the statistics and economics of the subject.

A lighthouse or lightship is naturally to be considered under four heads: (1) tower or hull and its lantern; (2) optical apparatus and its mechanical accessories; (3) lamps and illuminants; (4) auxiliary sound signals.

In 1837 a high degree of excellence had been attained in the first division, at least as regards stone towers and wooden vessels, but in the others *stare super antiquas vias* was a practice largely submitted to. The number also of established lights was comparatively small, about seventy of all kinds being in England and Wales, less than one-fifth of the present number. France, where there had been from 1824 to 1827 an active movement in the direction of coast illumination, possessed in 1836 about 100 lights. In 1822, and again in 1834 a Parliamentary committee had inquired into the character and management of our lighthouses, with results to be noticed by-and-by.

In 1837 the old working Phari of Greece, Carthage, and Rome, from Alexandria to the Pillars of Hercules, had long since disappeared, leaving only a few vestiges, chiefly on the shores of France, Spain, and Britain. Of modern times the most notable towers were, on the Continent, the imposing Cordouan at the mouth of the Garonne (1610), and the tourist-haunted Lanterna of Genoa, the latter still being the tallest lighthouse structure in the world; while at home Smeaton's Eddystone (1759), prototype of British towers, the Bell Rock (1811), the Tuskar (1815), and the Carlingford, on Haulbowline Rock (1823), stood as the most striking examples of such edifices. But in 1838 the great tower of Skerryvore was begun by Alan Stevenson, whose father, Robert, had built the Bell Rock Lighthouse. These accomplished engineers have respectively left a graphic and instructive narrative of their work, which may be fitly classed with Smeaton's memorable account of the third Eddystone.

Skerryvore or Skerryvore (*ysgar-mawr* = great divided cliff, or rocky islet, as in *scar*, or the hills Skerid Fawr, and Skerid Fach) is a nearly submerged reef adjacent to the Island of Tyree, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, and surrounded by innumerable rocky points constituting "foul ground" along a line of seven miles. It is thus perhaps the most dangerous of all the *skerries* in British

waters, and differs essentially from the Eddystone, which, though formidable in itself, rises from the deep sea, and can be approached more nearly in calm weather. Obviously, then, the 72 feet of elevation of the Eddystone lantern-centre, and even the 93 feet of the Bell Rock, could not afford the necessary range to a light intended to give timely notice to mariners of the outlying perils, and a height of 130 feet was adopted for the Skerryvore edifice, which, permitting one of 150 feet from focal plane to high water, insured a geographical horizon of about fourteen nautical miles, or eighteen miles to a vessel's deck. The mean diameter given to this tower was 29 feet, slightly greater than that of Bell Rock, that of Smeaton's Eddystone being 21 feet. The cubic contents are more than four times those of the Eddystone, and more than double those of Bell Rock. There are ten stories below the lantern, for water, fuel, keepers' rooms, and other purposes. The work was completed early in 1844, after extraordinary difficulties and perils, and it is a splendid monument to the energy and skill of Alan Stevenson. Its cost was £87,000.

Yet perhaps some of the towers of the great nation which charges no dues for its lights, but presents them a noble offering to the world, are fully as remarkable. Minot's Ledge (1859) on the Massachusetts coast, and Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron, are examples. The latter structure was begun in 1871, and though for an inland water, cost £60,000, the special difficulty having been ice, and the laying, by means of a cofferdam, of the lower courses of masonry on a jagged slope of dolomitic limestone twelve feet under water, and eleven miles from land, like the Eddystone. So in the case of Minot's Ledge tower, the foundations of which were laid on a rock barely visible at extreme low tide, and in the full swell of the ocean, the distinguished engineer General Alexander was able to secure but thirty hours of work in the first year, and 157 in the second.

The Bishop Lighthouse, on the southwesternmost rock of the Scilly Islands, was completed in 1858 at a cost of £34,560. After a quarter of a century's service it has been found expedient to increase the height, and to erect a more powerful optical apparatus, which will be ready during the present year. Other notable towers of the Trinity House are the Smalls (entrance of Bristol Channel), the Hanois (west end of Guernsey), the Wolf, and the new Longships; all being generally alike

in design, and not differing widely in dimensions and cost. The Wolf tower received its light in January, 1870, having been begun in March, 1862. It was planned by Mr. James Walker, then engineer to the Trinity House, but carried out by his successor, Mr., now Sir James, Douglass, and by his brother, Mr. William Douglass. This lighthouse is situated seventeen miles from Penzance, and twenty-three west-north-west of the Lizard. It has a mean diameter of nearly 30 feet, and a total height of 110 feet from high water to lantern-centre, being solid for 39 feet from the base, and containing 44,500 cubic feet of granite, weighing 3,300 tons. Each face-stone is dovetailed vertically and also horizontally — the latter was not done in the Eddystone tower — and the courses further secured together by metal bolts. Roman cement was used for the work below water, and Portland cement for that above, the whole mixed with a peculiar granitic sand from a Cornish tin-mine. Very great difficulty, as with all these exposed towers, was experienced in the erection of the Wolf and the new Longships, owing to the terrific seas that assailed the rocks. The Longships, so conspicuous an object from the Land's End, and so well known from Mr. Brett's luminous pictures, with an original elevation of 79 feet above high water, was so drowned by the waves that the character of the light could hardly be discerned, and a granite column of 110 feet was adopted.

In Scotland the sea-tower of Dubh Artach, or, less correctly, Dhu Heartach (1872), and in the Isle of Man that on the Chicken Rock (1875), may be named, and the list of the chief structures of this type may be summed up in the Eddystone of Sir James Douglass, from which a light was first shown in 1832. The rapid disintegration of that part of the reef on which Smeaton's tower stood made it absolutely clear in 1877 that a new tower must be built if a disaster (such as that which befell the Calf Rock Light a few years later) were to be avoided. It had been suggested to destroy the reef by blasting, as it had been persistently suggested since 1844 to remove the Goodwin Sands. But in either case not only would such a thing be impracticable on account of the enormous expenditure of money and time, but also there is a positive advantage for navigation in retaining a lighthouse or a lightship on these sites. The new Eddystone tower, replacing that of Smeaton, which had made the name memorable for 123 years, has an elevation

from lantern-centre to high water of 133 feet, commanding a horizon of seventeen and a half nautical miles (to a vessel's deck). The corresponding horizon of the old tower was about fourteen miles, with an elevation of 72 feet. The extended range is ample for all maritime needs. The structure contains 63,020 cubic feet, or 4,668 tons, of Cornish and Dalbeattie granite. The tower springs from a solid cylinder of granite about 45 feet in diameter and 20 feet high, set indissolubly on the rock. The mean diameter is about 30 feet. It is solid up to 25½ feet above high water, except as regards space for a water-tank which holds 3,500 gallons. It has seven chambers for stores and keepers' use, and a room for exhibiting a small light 15° in azimuth to denote a danger called Hand Deeps. These chambers all have a diameter of 14 feet. There are besides two others below them of less size. Two massive fog-bells are fixed under the lantern-gallery. Very little inflammable material is used. The doors, window-frames, and other fittings are of gun-metal, and every modern resource has been employed to make the building weather-proof and enduring, and to insure the comfort of the three men confined in it, and the unflinching exhibition of the powerful light which crowns it. The time occupied in the work was about three years and a half, the cost less than £80,000.

It is unnecessary to refer to the numerous land towers erected by lighthouse authorities during the half century, because these, being reared for the most part on cliffs, and little exposed to stress of sea, present no difficulty of construction or novelty of type.

All the towers hitherto named are of stone, but iron has not been overlooked as in some circumstances a practicable material for a sea structure. The designs of the late Mr. Alexander Gordon, C.E., in cast and wrought iron, for the towers of several West Indian and South African lights are well worthy of attention, as are also those of Messrs. Grissell for Russia, etc.; and, more recently, the tall iron towers designed and made by Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, for Australasian sites, are not less remarkable. At home, the Fastnet may be taken as a successful instance of the application of iron. The rock so called is four miles south-west by west of Cape Clear, and has been symbolized as the "Tear-drop of Ireland," being the "last of the old country seen by emigrants." This tower was begun in

1848, and completed in 1853. It is composed of a casing of cast-iron plates with a central column and girder floors, forming five chambers 12 feet high. The lowest story is partly filled in with masonry, leaving space for a coal-vault. The other stories are lined with brick. The internal diameter of the tower is 12 feet, the height from base to gallery 64 feet. The focal plane is 148 feet above the sea. The cost of the work was £19,000. The engineer and designer was, the late Mr. George Halpin.

The lightships established in British waters are of great interest. There are now about seventy-five, sixty being on the English coast, of which the larger number date from since 1837. Several of these peculiarly English vessels were placed on their stations in the last century, the historical Nore, for instance, in 1732.

Iron had been in use for light-vessels in the Mersey before 1856. In 1843 it had been discussed by the Trinity House as a possible material, but was not then deemed desirable. The first Trinity iron vessel was stationed in 1857 on the Goodwin Sands, the next in Cardigan Bay in 1860. The usual length of a Trinity lightship is 80 feet when constructed of wood, and about 90 feet when of iron, the width is 21 feet, the average tonnage 155 to 160 tons when of wood, and 180 tons when of iron. The focal plane of a light is generally 38 feet above high water. The cost averages £3,600 for wood, and £5,000 or £5,500 for iron. An immense service is rendered by these modest and vigilant sentinels of the deep which surround our coasts in positions impossible for a lighthouse, and for the most part close to the dangers of which they give warning, or to the channel of approach which they indicate. It has long been proposed to connect these vessels, as also rock and pile lighthouses, with the shore, and (in some cases) with one another, by an electric cable; and a committee is now engaged on the subject. In this way communications may be made as to the safety and requirements of the station, and as to the passing shipping, and to wrecks and other casualties, though it is doubtful whether reports on the last heads are a proper addition to the functions of a light-keeper, or one that is likely to be satisfactory in the result to the persons concerned.

A curious and ingenious plan of combining the lighthouse with the lightship was conceived by Mr. George Herbert in 1853, and much discussed and recommended at the time. On the assumption

that the form of a ship is not the best for a stationary floating body, he proposed a circular vessel, moored from its centre of gravity, and supporting a central tower of about 40 feet high, with lantern, gallery, etc, of the usual kind. A candlestick set in a washtub may not be too familiar an illustration. A position north of the Stones Rock, on the Cornish coast, was suggested, at an expense of about £10,000. The Trinity House did not adopt this plan, but in 1859 two beacon buoys on the same principle were successively placed off the Stones, and after a few weeks' service were driven from their moorings and destroyed.

The use of screw piles for the foundation of a lighthouse in sand was first demonstrated at Fleetwood in 1840, and Maplin in 1841, and afterwards at the Chapman, Gunfleet, and other stations. The method is that of Alexander Mitchell, improved by Mr. George Wells, who has erected many such structures in various shallow seas.

The lantern, that is the framework of glass and metal, which contains the illuminating apparatus, whether in land or floating lights, has been much modified during the past fifty years. At the accession the lantern of a first-class light was from 10 to 12 feet in diameter, with perhaps 8 feet of glazing in polygonal panes. The bars were heavy and intercepted much light, the ventilation defective, the construction more or less weak and unequal. Successive improvements have been effected by the engineers of the Trinity House and Northern Lights Commission, and by Chance, of Birmingham. In its highest type, that of Sir James Douglass, as in the Bishop Rock example, the lantern of to-day for a first-order lighthouse is well worthy of the perfected optical instrument which it protects. It has a diameter of 14 feet between the glass surfaces, a height of glass of 15 feet, and a height from base to vane of about 32 feet. It is cylindrical in form, with solid gun-metal bars, helically inclined and of wedge-like section towards the flame, comprising sixty-four openings of diamond and sixty-four of triangular shape. The polished plate glass is three-eighths of an inch thick and bent accurately to fit in these openings. Nine-tenths of the incident light from the lamp is transmitted through this glass. Not more than .03 of light is stopped by the lantern-framing. Thus the maximum of stability and the minimum obstruction of the rays are obtained. At the same time every expedient to pro-

mote perfect ventilation, from the tubes of Faraday to the longitudinal valves and the roof-cylinders of Douglass, has been adopted, this being indispensable for the combustion of the great concentric flames now employed. The dome is of rolled copper, the plinth or base of massive cast-iron lined with iron sheets. The cost of such a lantern is about £1,700. The lantern of recent lightships has been treated in the same way, having regard to its lightness, mobility, and smaller dimensions. The diameter has been extended to 8 feet, the height of plate glass to 4 feet, the cylindrical form substituted for every other.

It does not seem possible to construct lighthouse towers and lanterns of better designs and materials than those which have been described. An important amplification of the dimensions may, however, be resorted to in the future to meet the increasing radii of the lenticular apparatus, and the increasing size and height of the central flames. This is on the assumption that electricity does not displace petroleum and gas as illuminants. It may be counted as an additional claim of the arc to be the light of the future that it requires no apparatus larger than Fresnel's first order of 920 millimetres focal distance, and that therefore no lantern exceeding 14 feet in diameter with 10 feet of glazing, and no tower with a diameter of platform greater than 23 feet, would certainly be needed. The merits and prospects of the rival illuminants will be discussed in a subsequent article.

J. KENWARD.

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From The Westminster Review.  
ENGLISH LAKE DWELLINGS.

THE consideration of phenomena which have a tendency to illumine the history or habits of the earlier inhabitants of this country must at all times be looked upon with a large amount of interest. From this point of view the discovery of the remains of a number of ancient lake dwellings in Holderness, the low-lying district between Hull and Bridlington, affords a glimpse of a people who lived during ages of which there is no written history, and of whose existence there is no record but such as can be gathered from the remains of rude platforms built on the edge of a lake or mere, on which to erect dwellings affording a scanty shelter from the inclemency of the weather, some protection from the

wild animals of the neighborhood, or the attacks of their human but more dangerous foes. Living over the water, they naturally found that the readiest method of disposing of the refuse was to throw it into the lake below; and so it happens that, in digging beneath the platform, there are found, mixed with the natural accumulation of peat, large numbers of the bones of animals which had been used as food, charred wood from their fires, implements of stone used as adzes in shaping and pointing the piles, rounded stones for pounding and grinding corn, arrow and spear heads, rudely fashioned objects of bone used for fastening skins round the loins or for personal adornment of the primeval inhabitants of our island, as well as other objects of less definite purposes.

Holderness occupies an area circumscribed by the chalk hills which extend from Flamborough Head to the Humber on the one side, and the sea on the other. It is a low-lying district, the almost uniform flatness of which is but slightly relieved by little rounded hills of gravel. The central part, extending north and south, is in some instances below the level of the sea, whilst along the coast the ground rises, so that the drainage, instead of seeking an outlet towards the sea, runs inland, and is emptied into the Humber. Formerly the lower levels of Holderness formed a series of plant-laden meres, connected by streams one with another, and ramifying in every direction. These once characteristic, semi-stagnant expanses of water have all been drained, and, with the exception of Hornsea Mere, which is below the sea-level, the sites they occupied are only indicated by the names which these places still retain. It is with difficulty that the richly cultivated and fertile plains of the Holderness of to-day can be conceived as a country full of swamps, bogs, and lakes, almost impenetrable either on foot or by other means.

The slightly higher ground was for the most part densely wooded, and rank vegetation covered the whole of the country. It extended far out over the area now occupied by the North Sea. The rapidity with which the land has been washed away may be inferred from the fact that during some years as much as fifty feet have gone during one winter; and since the days of the Stuarts the sites of villages and churches which were considerably within the coast line are now far out at sea.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

The woods and higher ground were infested with wolves; and the wild boar grovelled in the slimy margins of the pools, rooting up succulent morsels from the luxuriant vegetation thriving in the damp and vapor-laden atmosphere. The red deer and the horse roamed in herds over the district, making incursions from the higher ground to the westward; and numerous small animals lurked in the recesses of the forest. It is probable that at this time the beaver had formed its wonderful habitations in the more rapid streams of the district, and unconsciously competed with its human neighbors in the stability and comfort of its water-protected home. Birds were common, the wild goose being so abundant that even to this day the higher ground in the vicinity of one of the lake dwellings retains the name of Goose Island, though it is long since it was an island, and wild geese are *rare aves* now.

It was on the edge of one of these semi-stagnant, reed-grown meres at Ulrome that Mr. Thomas Boynton discovered the remains of an ancient lake dwelling. The edge of the lake was towards the east, and at no great distance was an island, the surface of which at the present time is twenty-five feet above the sea-level. It was between the shore of the lake and this island, still named Goose Island, that the pile structure was placed. It consists at the base of a number of trunks of trees placed horizontally on the bottom of the lake, and held in position by rudely pointed stakes. The largest timbers, twenty feet in length and eighteen inches in diameter, extend from east to west across the course of the stream, which appears to have run in a northerly direction. The direction of the flow of the water is indicated by the addition of diagonal piles placed to lean against the larger trunks in order to prevent their being disturbed by floods or other circumstances causing more than the ordinary pressure. Between the larger timbers, which were laid parallel to each other with as great regularity as their rough, unhewn surfaces allowed, shorter trunks were placed transversely, resulting in a rude but solid and compact framework. The whole, fastened in position by stakes four to six feet in length, driven into the bottom of the lake, forms a rectangular platform thirty yards in length from east to west, and eighteen in breadth

from north to south. At the south-east corner a pair of large timbers extend parallel with each other, about five feet apart, from the platform to the shore of the lake. They have been prepared with greater care than those used for the platform itself; the upper surface is hewn flat, and they have been carefully fixed in position, evidently to form a means of communication between the habitations and the adjoining land. The trunks and branches of trees are mostly oak, ash, birch, willow, and hazel. The interstices between the timber of the platform were filled up to the top with broken wood and twigs, until a level surface was obtained; this was covered with bark and sand. On the foundation thus securely formed, probably reaching a little above the surface of the water, were erected the dwellings of the builders.

The structure exposed during the excavations proved that the original platform, after the lapse of a considerable period of time, either subsided beneath the water, or for some other reason became untenable, and a second one was added. The newer or upper platform is arranged much in the same way as the lower one. The horizontal timbers of the superstructure are held in position by piles, which may be distinguished from the earlier ones by the long and sharp point, evidently cut by a sharp metal instrument. The points of the later piles are not unfrequently found piercing the timbers of the earlier stage, which may be taken as an indication that the latter were more or less decayed, and consequently had become depressed beneath the water; hence the reason for the erection of the second structure. The two platforms together are between four and five feet in thickness. The top of the upper one is four feet beneath the surface of the ground, the intervening strata consisting of three feet of peat immediately overlying the wooden platform, and a foot of warp and soil. Beneath the base of the lower platform the thickness varies with the position; near the edge it rests on a bed of sand and gravel, which forms the bottom of the old lake; further out it is separated from the sand by an increasing thickness of peat. The gravel forming the bottom of the old lake is about ten feet beneath the present surface of the ground.

Amongst the sticks and bark filling up the interstices between the timbers of the lower dwelling a number of implements and some fragments of pottery have been

found. The latter is dark-colored, and possesses all the characters of pottery made by the Celtic inhabitants of the country of the earliest period. The implements are made either of stone or bone, and consist of pointed or sharpened stones, pierced in the middle for the introduction of a wooden handle, and used as hammers; picks and hammers are also made from the antlers of the red deer. The large leg-bones of oxen, broken diagonally midway between the two extremities, and pierced near the joint with a circular hole for the insertion of a stick, appear to have been used as hoes; the diagonal fracture is more or less smoothed by use, and an implement of this sort would serve very well to break up the light soil on the higher ground adjacent to the mere. Flint flakes, used as knives and for other purposes, such as cleaning the skins of animals, have been found. A large stone of oval form and coarse granitoid texture, with a flat smooth surface, exceeding a foot in largest diameter, may have been used for grinding food; and other smaller rounded stones were apparently used for pounding grain. Hazelnuts were numerous. In addition to the bones of animals already mentioned, there have been found the jaws of wolves, tusks of wild boars, portions of the head of red deer and horse and the bones of sheep, dogs, and smaller animals, as well as the bones of birds. They were mostly at a depth of about six feet below the surface and four feet from the bottom of the lake.

Between the first and second platform a fine bronze spear-head was discovered. The occurrence of bronze, together with the form of the pointed piles, evidently cut by a metal instrument, naturally leads to the inference that the later platform was erected during the period usually termed the bronze age. An approximate idea may be formed of its age, if it be remembered that the knowledge of bronze was succeeded by that of iron; of the latter metal there is no evidence in the lake dwelling, but it was known to the people whom Julius Cæsar found occupying the country, and was probably in use for two or three centuries previously. It will be safe, therefore, to fix the date of the more recent portion of the pile structure not later than the second or third century B. C. The objects found beneath the lower platform indicate a much earlier period, when the use of bronze had not been discovered, and the articles and implements were made from either flint or bone; the older structure is probably of the earlier portion

of the later stone age. Its great antiquity is shown by the depth at which the objects already mentioned were found, and by the circumstance that the parts of the lake surrounding the pile dwellings became filled up to a depth of four or five feet with peat before the second platform was constructed.

The Barmston and Skipsea Drain follows the course of what was undoubtedly in prehistoric times a chain of lakes extending from Skipsea to its present termination on the seashore. Along this line five or six other pile structures have been found, in some instances considerably larger than the one explored at Ulrome. There is every probability that careful examination of the surrounding districts will disclose the fact that numerous other erections exist over a considerable area, and as each of the platforms afforded space for several dwellings, it is reasonable to suppose that the pile-dwellers were a somewhat numerous people. The great preponderance of implements useful for tilling the soil over those of a warlike character seems to indicate that they were peaceably disposed and inclined to agricultural pursuits; they were acquainted with the use of pottery, which they shaped into rude vessels without the use of the potter's wheel, and decorated by making incisions either with the finger-nail or a pointed flint on the surface. The nodules of flint which occur abundantly in the neighboring chalk, chipped into the form of arrow-head, spear-head, and such other objects as they had skill to make or comprehension to use, served them for offensive and defensive purposes. The antlers of the red deer and the humerus of the ox, broken diagonally, probably assisted in breaking up and tilling the soil.\* The harder bones of animals were scraped and carved into the form of pins and other implements for personal use and adornment. Tolerably safe from the attacks of wild animals, which prowled in the neighboring woods, when in their habitations over the water, this hardy people protected themselves from the chill east winds which swept over the North Sea, as best they could, with the skins of animals caught in the chase or killed for food. It may be

desirable to consider the relationship of the pile-dwellers to the population existing in the adjacent parts of the country at the time the dwellings were erected. The objects found in the exploration of the pile structures indicate that they were used as the ordinary home of the people, and not merely as an occasional retreat for defensive purposes; and we may conclude that they formed only a comparatively small proportion of the entire population. Whilst in this particular district the circumstances were especially favorable to the construction of this species of dwelling, the adjoining district was occupied by branches of the same people who erected a quite different kind of habitation. The country surrounding the low-lying, lake-covered area of Holderness is constituted of rounded chalk hills, intersected by deep, riverless valleys. There is abundant evidence still existing on these hills that they were inhabited by a numerous and energetic people. Their summits are entrenched in every direction, culminating on Flamborough Head with the so-called Danes Dyke. These entrenchments were probably erected for purposes of defence; and as a last resort, should they be driven from the wold entrenchments, the inhabitants could retreat to the more strongly fortified area on Flamborough Head, inaccessible from the sea, and rendering a prolonged resistance on the land comparatively easy. Over the whole wold district there are large numbers of mounds or tumuli, which were erected as memorials of the dead, and the investigation of which has thrown much light on the habits and character of the people. The mounds are stated by Canon Greenwell (*British Barrows*, 1877) to contain the bodies of two distinct races of men; the older one characterized by a long head, much longer from back to front than broad; whilst more recent mounds contain bodies with round heads, in which the breadth equals or exceeds the length; with the latter, implements of bronze, ornaments of bone and jet, and pottery of varied forms have been discovered; whilst in the earlier graves only implements of flint and stone have been found, together with pottery of a rude character, and quite distinct from that associated with the implements of bronze. Rounded stones for pounding grain are frequently found. The relationship between the long-headed, stone-using people, and the broad-headed people acquainted with the use of bronze, who lived on the wolds, and the similar races who occupied the lake dwellings, is

\* Exactly as the writer saw the tenant of a small plot of arable land operating a short time ago. The grass land had been dug with a spade and remained in hard clods; to break up these the man had inserted a long stick in a solid piece of wood, pierced in a similar manner, and nearly the same size as the broken leg-bones of the ox, and with this was pounding away at the masses of dry earth; a peculiar exemplification of an old-world custom revived by the force or necessity of circumstances.

sufficiently remarkable, and indicates more than a probability that the race who built the entrenchments and erected mounds over their dead, occupied their strongholds at the same time that their neighbors, the lake-dwellers, erected their island platforms. The implements found beneath the lower structure are similar to those got from diggings in the older tumuli, and there is simultaneous evidence of the introduction of bronze in the later pile dwellings and the most recent of the mounds.

Other examples of pile dwellings have been recorded, principally from the eastern counties, where in bygone centuries morasses and meres abounded. One at Barton Mere, near Bury St. Edmunds, was explored by the Rev. H. Jones in 1867; another at Wrentham Mere, in Norfolk, by Sir Charles Bunbury in 1856; and Dr. Palmer has reported that in 1869, oaken piles and planks had been dug out of boggy ground on Cold Ash Common, Berks. In each instance piles were found driven into the ground—at Barton, supported by large stones; associated with them were vast quantities of broken bones of animals used for food, and occasionally bronze spear-heads and other implements have been found. It is probable that these instances belonged to the bronze age, and the objects discovered in them point rather to the later than the earlier part of it; to that portion which immediately precedes the historic period. Compared with the lake dwellings of Holderness, they would be coeval with the more recent structures in which the bronze implements are found. A single example of a crannoge or pile dwelling has been recorded as occurring in Llangorse Lake, near Brecon, in south Wales. It consists of an island of piles supported by stones; it is ninety yards in circumference, and situated in two or three feet of water, a short distance from the northern shore of the lake. The piles are oak, and show evidence of having been hewn with a metal adze. Outside the island are groups of piles of softer wood, and it is inferred that the island formed a central platform, from the circumference of which the dwellings extended to the adjacent groups of piles. Large quantities of bones were found in the shallow water between the island and the margin of the lake. The bones were submitted to the late Professor Rolleston, who found them to be entirely those of the pig, sheep, cow, and horse; they were all representative of small animals. The bones of the horse, which was used as an article of

food, were of two kinds: one small—probably the progenitor of the Welsh pony—and the other of a larger breed. To the above list Professor Boyd Dawkins afterwards added the red deer and wild boar. Some fragments of pottery were found interspersed with the bones.

In Ireland and Scotland numerous island lake dwellings or crannoges have been discovered. The Irish crannoges have been inhabited from a period hidden in remote antiquity until comparatively recent times. In many instances they have been deserted for long periods, and afterwards repaired and re-inhabited. The remains of implements of war, those used in agricultural pursuits, and others for personal adornment, range through all the varieties of stone and flint, bone, bronze and iron, and consist of daggers, spears, knives and swords, shears, axes, querns, beads, pins, combs, brooches, chains, pots, etc. The amount of broken bones left by the occupiers is enormous, and instances are recorded where a hundred and fifty cart-loads have been removed and used as manure from a single platform. The ordinary form of the Irish crannoge is a circular or oblong structure, forming an island, surrounded by one or more rows of piles, pointed and driven into the bed of the lake. Inside the circle of piles the space is filled with stones, branches of trees, and peaty debris. On these artificially built islands wooden dwellings were erected. The latter consisted of a combination of poles and wickerwork, with boarded floors. In districts where wood was scarce they are sometimes built up entirely of stone. Generally the dwellings were erected in a circle round the outer extremity of the structure, similarly to that already spoken of in Wales; in other and rare instances the houses were built on wooden platforms supported by piles and brushwood, held in position by stones. They were erected without connection with the shore, communication being made by means of a canoe hewn from the bole of a single tree; it is a common occurrence to find the canoe in immediate proximity to the pile structure, buried in the peat or bog. Sir W. R. Wilde, describing a crannoge exposed at Lagore, County Meath, which was one hundred and seventy-three feet in diameter, says:—

The circumference of the circle was formed by upright posts of black oak, measuring from 6 to 8 feet in height; these were mortised into beams of a similar material, laid flat upon the marl and sand beneath the bog, and nearly 16 feet below the present surface. The up-

right posts were held together by connecting cross-beams, and (?) fastened by large iron nails; parts of a second upper tier of posts were likewise found resting on the lower ones. The space thus enclosed was divided into separate compartments by septa or divisions that intersected each other in different directions; these also were formed of oaken beams in a good state of preservation, joined together with greater accuracy than the former, and in some cases having their sides grooved or rabbeted to admit large panels driven down between them. The interiors of the chambers so formed were filled with bones and black moory earth, and the heap of bones was raised up in some places within a foot of the surface.

The animals whose remains were thus preserved were principally oxen, horses, asses, pigs, sheep, goats, deer, dogs, and foxes. Some human bones were also found.

Nearly one hundred lake dwellings have been discovered in Ireland, and about the same number is recorded as having received more or less attention in Scotland. Of the latter, fifty are entirely built of wood, and the remainder wood and stone combined, or other materials. The Scotch crannoges in all essential particulars are similar to those of Ireland, and were probably erected by the branch of the Celtic people who immigrated northwards; whilst those of Ireland and Wales were the result of the influx of the Celtic element in its extension westwards. "The ordinary construction of the crannoge proper," says Dr. Stuart, "was by logs of wood in the bed of the lake supporting a structure of earth and stones, or of a mixture of both; the mass being surrounded by piles of young oak-trees in the bed of the lake, the inner row of which kept the island in shape, and the external rows acted as defences and breakwaters." Dr. Monro, after prolonged investigation and experience, was able to supplement the description given above as follows: "For defence and protection—which I presume no one will doubt were the primary objects of these islands—a small mossy lake, with its margin overgrown with reeds and grasses, and situated in a secluded locality amidst the thick meshes of the primeval forests of those days, would present the most desirable topographical conditions. Having fixed on such a locality, the next consideration would be the selection of materials for building the island. In a lake containing the soft and yielding sediment due to decomposed vegetable matter, it is manifest that any heavy substances, as stones and earth, would be totally inadmissible, owing to

their weight, so that solid logs of wood, provided there was an abundant supply at hand, would be the best and cheapest material that could be used. To construct in ten or twelve feet of water, virtually floating over a quagmire, a solid, compact island, with a circular area of one hundred feet or more, and capable of enduring for centuries as a retreat for men and animals," was a work requiring no small amount of engineering and mechanical skill on the part of these early crannog-builders. The method of procedure suggested by Dr. Monro is that immediately over the chosen site a circular raft of trunks of trees, laid above branches and brushwood, was formed, and above it additional layers of logs, together with stones, gravel, etc., were heaped up till the whole mass grounded. As this process went on, upright piles, made of oak and of the required length, were inserted into prepared holes in the structure, and probably also a few were inserted into the bed of the lake. When a sufficient height above the water-line was attained, a prepared pavement of oak-beams was constructed, and mortised beams were laid over the tops of the encircling piles, which bound them firmly together. When the skeleton of the island was thus finished, a superficial barrier of hurdles, or some such fence, was erected close to the water. Frequently a wooden gangway, probably submerged, stretched to the shore, by means of which secret access to the crannoge could be obtained without the use of a canoe.

The remains of pile structures were exposed near London Wall in 1866, when excavations were made for the foundations of a wool warehouse. Associated with the piles there was a large number of various implements of a comparatively modern date, together with Roman coins and other objects used by the inhabitants.

The lake dwellings of Holderness bear the impress of greater age than any other in the British Islands, and they are of sufficiently characteristic structure to distinguish them from the island-like "crannoges" of Ireland and Scotland. The ancient people who built them, having found a suitable situation, proceeded to cut down large trees by means of their rude flint axes; these, cleared of branches, were dragged to the lakeside, and in five or six feet of water were laid horizontally along the bottom, and held there by stakes driven into the sandy or peaty shore. The height of the platform was raised by means of smaller trunks and branches to

the level of the water, and an even surface obtained by twigs, gravel, and sand. On this there was probably erected a number of huts. As to the character of the huts there is no information. The several operations in connection with so large an undertaking, conducted by a people possessing no mechanical appliances and only the rudest tools, implies a large amount of intelligent co-operation, and consequently a comparatively advanced stage of civilization. The men appear for the most part to have been peaceable and industrious, dividing their time between the chase and the cultivation of the soil: whilst the women attended to household duties, cooked the flesh of animals caught in the chase, or pounded the corn with rounded stones, to make bread. Probably they spun the wool of sheep, as indicated by the presence of whorl-stones, and made a coarse cloth. But the skin of the sheep with the wool attached was the most likely to be the ordinary covering for the body. They appear to have had all the essential elements of happiness, and, unfettered by the trammels of the intensely complicated civilization of their successors of subsequent centuries, to have pursued a tranquil and easy existence. This picture has its shadows, and no doubt occasional disagreements arose, and neighboring tribes would quarrel and fight, or perhaps combine against some more distant foe. After such engagements there is the probability that, like nearly all existing peoples in a similar stage of development from rudest barbarism, the captives were killed and eaten. The presence of the skull and bones of a human being amongst the *debris* found in the excavations of the lake dwelling at Ulrome, as well as other evidences in the neighboring wolds, goes a long way to show that the people were cannibals.

Mention has been made of the principal lake dwellings found in the British Islands. It would be interesting, did space permit, to trace their relationship with others found on the continent of Europe, and more especially with those the remains of which exist on the shores of the lakes of Switzerland, so admirably investigated and described by Dr. Ferdinand Keller, and which have afforded so good an opportunity for investigation during the past two months by the low level of the waters of Lake Constance. The Swiss lake dwellings are, with few exceptions, of an older type than those found in

Great Britain, and extend throughout the stone age, the succeeding period characterized by the use of bronze, and to the earlier stages of iron. Dr. Keller considers that the Swiss lake-dwellers were a branch of the great Celtic family which occupied central Europe prior to the incursions of the Romans, and it is also the opinion of Dr. Munro and others that all the pile dwellings in this country were erected by the Celts, or Brit-Welsh, as they have been styled, who occupied the country in pre-historic times. If such be the fact, the relative age of the structures in Holderness, as compared with those of Scotland and Ireland, would be the natural result of the migration of that people westwards. Their first access to the country was gained on the east coast, and the pile dwellings found in the eastern counties and in Yorkshire were probably the first erected. As the Celts were driven westward and northward by the incursions of succeeding nationalities they crossed over to Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and erected pile dwellings or crannoges in those countries. It is probable that the Holderness dwellings were in a state of desuetude before the historic period; they contain no traces of any objects of Roman or other civilized manufacture; on the other hand, those of Ireland and Scotland are known to have been used as places of habitation and for defensible retreats as recently as the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The pile dwelling found near the old walls of London is also comparatively modern as compared with those of Holderness, and is replete with objects bearing the impress of the Roman occupation. It indicates a period when that part of the City was neither more nor less than a great bog extending from the banks of the Thames.

It appears that the people in those old days adapted themselves to the circumstances of their environment very much as the savage nations of the present day do in New Guinea, in parts of Africa, and in other places. Where the country is full of lakes and of a wet and boggy character, the inhabitants have found it necessary to provide a dwelling-place raised above the water, and this has been done by driving piles into the soft ground and building on the top of them. At the same time, their neighbors of the same tribe under more favorable circumstances have erected their huts on the adjacent dry land.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ERNEST AUGUSTUS, KING OF HANOVER.

VISITORS to Hanover will remember the commanding statue dedicated by a faithful people to the father of the country which occupies the centre of the Platz on emerging from the railway station. It is almost the first object of interest which meets the eye of the newcomer if he travel by railway to the ancient capital. Ancient indeed it is, though the antiquities have now to be sought for. A new Hanover has sprung up almost within living memory; and the reconstruction is due greatly to Ernest Augustus, whose beneficent reign the Hanoverians have commemorated by this stately equestrian bronze.

If the visitor steps over any of the little bridges that span the somewhat muddy Leine, he will soon find out the truth of what we have said in delicious little bits of old-world art and decoration, the more welcome that they were hardly expected; carved old wooden-fronted houses, with projecting stories and gabled roofs of the most picturesque order. With a touch of surprise, and it may be some sense of scorn, he may find himself in what is a narrow and very old thoroughfare of this character, dubbed the *New Street* (Neue Strasse). And he may then realize what a change time has brought in its wake as he thinks of the new Hanover he has left behind him, and be thankful at once for the policy that spared so much, and improved so much. He will learn that to the wisdom and energy of Ernest Augustus he is largely indebted for the almost unique mixture of ancient and modern — of hoary monuments and stately structures fresh from the mason's hand. In governing his people he never forgot the advantages of continuity and tradition, with the result that though half a foreigner he was yet one of themselves. Though he would not listen to ill-advised projects of reform, very soon after his accession he did something to cut down the privileges of the nobility, against whom there was an outcry, as if their privileges were detrimental to the peasantry. He made an end too of the baronial courts of justice, which led the people to say that now they had one king, whereas formerly they had twenty.

Ernest Augustus was a Tory of the old-fashioned type, but he understood well

to take  
Occasion by the hand, to make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

He had learned some things of constitutionalism from his life in England, to  
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which he looked back with longing eyes, and he retained a keen relish for many of its customs — the national roast beef not being by any means the only good thing English from which he sought to draw consolation amid the burden of royal cares. He had a healthy dislike of sham, and was apt to set his foot upon it wherever he found it.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who was chaplain to his Majesty for several years, up to his death, has favored the world with his reminiscences of the "Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover,"\* and has not failed to illustrate in a humorous and lively manner the old half-blind king's propensity for treading on people's corns. But he has also brought out well the noble elements of Ernest's character — his manliness, his patriotism, his openness to reasonable appeal, and his consistency in his means of seeking his people's good as he honestly saw it. Mr. Wilkinson's volume will form a reliable and happy commentary on the more sober pages of history, and if the old king does not always appear in the stately and dignified attitudes we are wont to associate with royalty, no one will feel less of interest in him as a man because of his severe rebukes to silliness and affectation, his occasional outbursts of temper, and his determination in unexpected circumstances to call a spade a spade, though sometimes ordinary politeness, not to speak of courtly etiquette, did suffer somewhat at his hands. And he was occasionally brusque if not rude — this much honesty demands to be said — but in everything he showed himself a character — a man of much individuality and well worth a little study.

Mr. Wilkinson did not undertake the chaplaincy without some qualms. He had heard of certain peculiarities that might, on occasion, prove disagreeable. One of these was the royal habit of muttering responses in church where they very clearly were not in any rubric, and sadly out of place, and not likely to aid the composure of the officiating clergyman. Mr. Wilkinson tells us that this was a family habit; George III. and King Ernest's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, having been guilty of it. "Stories were about," says Mr. Wilkinson, "that when the clergyman said 'Let us pray,' his Royal Highness had added, quite audibly, 'With all my heart;' when the clergyman read, in the story of Zacchæus, 'Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor,' the duke

\* Second edition. Hurst & Blackett.

astonished the congregation by saying aloud, 'No! no! I can't do that; that's too much for any man — no objection to a tenth.' Again, when there had been a long drought, and the prayer was announced for rain, 'Yes, yes,' said the duke aloud, 'quite right, quite right; but it will never rain till the wind changes.' In addition to this it was hinted that King Ernest patronized clergymen for whom the world had little respect, that he might lead them to excess and amuse himself by making fools of them. But, as in a multitude of other cases, Mr. Wilkinson found that those evils were much worse in prospect than in reality; in fact — whether from these matters having been exaggerated, or from Mr. Wilkinson's manner and character — the king showed towards him from the first the utmost consideration, respect, and kindness. On one point the king deemed it necessary to convey a plain hint; but Mr. Wilkinson was wise and practical enough to profit by it. After his first dinner at court, his Majesty asked, —

"Doctor,\* have you ever read Ogden's sermons?"

"No, sir, I have never seen them."

"Oh, I'll lend them to you. They were my father's favorite sermons — indeed, we all like them much; they are very short — none more than twenty minutes — but very pithy, without, I believe, a single unnecessary redundant word. *Multum in parvo*, we call them. No doubt they were prepared with great care, and indeed I have always been of opinion that any clergyman who had made a sermon for forty-five minutes could always give us the real pith of it in twenty, if he would only take the trouble."

Mr. Wilkinson never exceeded the twenty minutes, and carefully studied condensation, and there is no saying how much this contributed to his success. And then it is evident that Mr. Wilkinson had a taking way with him, and could adapt himself to highborn folks, like Lady Jersey and her daughters (who were then cynosures of all eyes at King Ernest's court), and poor widows, and characters like Temple, the king's coachman, of whom we shall speak anon. But here is an introduction to one of the "poor widows," a story touching and characteristic enough: —

"In the case of most of the old women thereby hung a tale; but one I may mention whose history was very remarkable. She declared to me she was of a noble

family, and mentioned the Earl of —, to whom she was nearly related, and, as cousin, had borne the well-known family name. She said she was induced to run away with a non-commissioned officer of the German Legion quartered in her neighborhood; that she was married, and followed the regiment through all the Peninsular campaign — in which the few women allowed to go with their husbands, to wash for the officers and others, went through greater hardships than the men. She went with the regiment to Belgium, and on the night before Waterloo, she and another woman lay out for hours in the wet under trees and hedges; and on the following memorable Sunday, during the whole of the day, she was constantly in the thick of the fight, rushing about and taking shelter in ditches or under banks, and in barns or outhouses, driven from place to place by the whizzing balls of the enemy's fire. She was sick and with child, and the terror and flight from place to place, and the harassing fatigue, brought on premature labor. In the middle of that night she was dragged by her friend to a shed, where her child was born. It was pitch dark, and she was rolled up as best could be done, and laid upon what she thought was a log of wood for a pillow; but, when morning broke, she found she was lying upon a leg that had been amputated, while other limbs were lying about the shed, which had been used after the battle by the surgeons for their dreadful but necessary operations. The babe survived the terror of that night, and went back to Hanover with the regiment, and was christened 'Waterloo.' Thirty years afterwards I saw her there. She lived in the neighborhood, and was respectably married to a young carpenter."

Mr. Wilkinson's ready interest in this kind, his tact and his power to take his part in any innocent sport or pastime — accomplishments in which his residence at Oxford and then an extended period of travel did much to aid him — all combined to recommend him to the royal favor, and he was in fact raised to a friendly and even something of a confidential footing, and was often at the court parties and dinners, and frequently a witness of funny and entertaining rebukes and repartees.

"I have seen," he says, "good old Sir John Bligh, our minister at the court of Hanover, writhing under the king's sharp and sarcastic remarks, particularly about the Whigs and Whig doings, and what his Majesty was pleased to call Whig delinquencies, which Sir John, however

\* The king always styled his chaplains "doctor."

he would have stood up for his party in private, could not answer as he wished before company and servants, and about which, having been in the vice, and having been screwed up again tighter and tighter in agony, he used afterwards to speak in no measured terms, and accuse his Majesty for what he called cowardice, in taking advantage of his own position and running him into a corner openly at the dinner-table, where he was obliged to keep his mouth shut.

"No doubt the bullying element often prevailed, and the jokes, though sometimes good, and conveying merited reproof, were still rather bad jokes, with sharp, not to say cruel, spite against those who were the butts of them."

No doubt such remarks as that to the dirty old count were rude and even cruel; but from what Mr. Wilkinson tells us of the rarity of baths in Hanover in those days, and the resources of dowagers to save up snow-water for their complexions, which they doled out to themselves at the rate of half a glass a day, through the whole summer, the king even thus may have done a service to personal cleanliness in the higher ranks. And it is evident from the peculiar relations in which the king stood to his efficient but self-reliant valet, that his Majesty did not fail in those matters in which he reproved others. And he could be bravely abstinent too in trying circumstances, being content to dine for a week together upon a slice or two of cold meat that had been cooked in England. Then at five he received his guests, and took some light *plat*, perhaps some oysters and some jelly, with a glass or two of champagne. A cup of tea with a biscuit in the evening completed the day's fare. His Majesty was a good specimen of his system. He was erect, hale and hearty, and rode well on horseback when long past the three-score years and ten.

"Once his Majesty was ill for several weeks, really ill, seriously at his age. The doctors, of course, came every day, sometimes twice or more, and they prescribed as usual. Any one who has been ill for any length of time, and has been attended in the ordinary way once or twice a day by one doctor, will know what various medicines are prescribed, and changed again and again under each phase of the disease, and he would, I believe, be astonished to see all the medicines he had drunk during his illness. Any one may then conceive what a quantity was likely to be ordered, and what changes were

likely to be rung by a bevy of doctors with such a precious personage as a king for a patient.

"As any bottle or powder was brought his Majesty said, 'Put it in the cupboard,' and again and again it was 'put in the cupboard.' Not one drop was touched. Starving and patience were the only remedies resorted to. At last his Majesty got his good turn and began to feel he could eat again with a relish, and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His Majesty was up and dressed early and at business.

"Get all those bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, 'and range them in a row round the room.'

"It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in smirking and smiling, and congratulated the king upon being up again and looking so well.

"Yes, doctors," said his Majesty, 'thank God it is so. But look there—count it up. Don't you think, if I had drunk all that stuff I should have been dead long ago?'"

It is clear, also, that Mr. Wilkinson did not seek to secure favor by any compromise of professional propriety. On one occasion the king chose to fix a *levée* for Sunday, to which, in the most respectful manner, the chaplain declined to go, on the ground of his sacred calling; but when others about the court sought to secure exemption also, the king declared firmly, "They shall all come," and fixed Sunday *levées* for a considerable time after, just to teach them who in such matters was master. Mr. Wilkinson, on receiving a second card of invitation (or command) to a Sunday *levée*, repeated his former reasons for not appearing, and said that he would rather resign than compromise himself and act against his convictions. An exception was made in his case, and his firmness and consistency only added to the old king's favor for him. But no man could more quickly see through a specious pretext than Ernest did.

Rough and rude as the king's remarks might often seem, they were always directed at some form of weakness or fear. As Mr. Wilkinson says:—

"Those always got on best with the king, high or low, who were not afraid of him, and had an answer ready. He had one curious little *Kammerdiener*\* about

\* *Kammerdiener* = body-servant; *Diener* = servant, from *dieneu*, to serve, as in the Prince of Wales's motto.

his person. I think he was a Bohemian. He was most useful, for he had passed his apprenticeship as a dentist and a barber, and so, among other duties, took care of the beautiful teeth, of which his Majesty was very proud, and shaved his august master every morning. He was most useful, in fact, in his way indispensable, and he knew it and took advantage of it." If the king was irritable he was irritable also, and answered, as Mr. Wilkinson tells, in the very spirit and terms of the king's rebukes. He always had his answer ready, and sometimes not a very respectful one. For what seemed impertinence he had been dismissed two or three times in no measured terms from the royal service, but he had no idea of going. He knew he had a good place, and that his Majesty could not do without him. So, in spite of the evening's altercation, he always appeared at his Majesty's dressing-table the next morning at the usual time, and pursued his regular work as if nothing extraordinary had taken place—neither he nor his royal master making any reference to the past. It was quite understood between them that by-gones should be by-gones. "I think he had been seventeen years with the king."

His Majesty was very abstinent, as we have seen, and had great faith in nature's own processes of cure. Certain forms of indulgence he particularly hated. Tobacco he could not endure. And his dislike of it was such that his private secretary, General von Düring, who was a slave to the habit, as most military men in Germany are, was put to the most severe and laughable straits to indulge it and yet not to offend the king.

"Half past nine was the general's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before that time, four servants stood in the passage leading to the ante-room. One held an old horse-soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming-pan; one held a decanter of water and a glass, and a bottle containing a colored liquid; and one was there to hold the papers, and to take the pipe which the general smoked down the passage to the very last moment. No. 1. then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained old cloak, which had gone through the Peninsular war, and which was now buckled tight round the neck. No. 2. poured some incense into the hot shovel, and inserted it between the general's legs through the slit behind. The process continued for a minute or two, and the old

man was nearly stifled, but only impregnated. Then No. 3, from decanter in hand, poured out a glass of water, of which the general took a hearty gulp, rinsed his mouth out, and spat it out on the carpeted floor; then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from No. 4, and rushed steaming into the king's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour."

And the good general's occasional difficulties with the king's bad writing, and that of the king's correspondents, were laughable enough. Poor old general, he was often reduced to sore straits in doing his duty and getting his smoke! Sometimes (and no doubt General von Düring was very glad of the chance) Mr. Wilkinson would undertake the general's duty for a time on one ground or another. It was part of the duty to read the English newspapers to the king, whose eyesight was not of the best. "Often and often in the middle of a speech in the House of Lords or the House of Commons, I saw his Majesty's eyes close and head nod. I then at first used to stop, when it was a case of 'the silence awoke the little judge;' and his Majesty, pretending he was shutting his eyes to listen, used to say, 'Go on;' so, after one or two instances of this, I used to continue to read Lord So-and-So's speech, even though my royal master began to snore. When I came to an end, and was silent, he always said 'Go on,' and if I announced 'That's all, sir,' he used to say, 'Ah, very interesting! Now see what's o'clock; I think it must be time for the commandant.'"

"If I told him, 'No, sir, it's only half past ten,' or, 'It wants twenty minutes to eleven,' his Majesty would say, —

"Well, doctor, now let us have a look at the police reports; there's always something striking there — there one sees life and character.' And I must say that his Majesty was really interested, and, often as I found him go to sleep over a debate, I never remember him to have napped over a police report."

Of the court balls, where every one, even the ladies, went according to military rank, the fair dames becoming for the nonce generals and colonels, and even majors and captains, Mr. Wilkinson has some funny stories to tell; but none of them surpasses in fun that of the consternation caused among the strict military-governed ladies of Hanover, when some Scotch gentleman appeared there in the Highland full dress. "A little German baroness, too old and ugly, one might have thought, to have had any scruples or

prejudices of delicacy in such a case, exclaimed 'Ach! ih! was ist das? Auf einem Hofball! In Damengesellschaft! Dicke, haarige, scheussliche, nackte Beine! Das ist sonderbar, nicht zu sagen gemein. Und das erlaubt die Königin Victoria!'"\*

Perhaps still more attractive is the picture given of a children's ball at the chaplain's quarters at Herrenhausen, at which the king, the crown prince and princess, with their children, all self-invited, attended. "It was indeed charming to watch the stern old man, as so many thought him, stretching out his arms to catch some little one as they rushed past him, and, in that utter absence of fear or thought of whose presence they were in, actually clung around his Majesty's leg (as I saw one) to make the turning-point of the race a few of them were running. One of four years old—it happened to be my own daughter—the king entrapped and raised up and kissed her; and his Majesty was, I hope, too blind to see what a face she made, and how she wiped her cheek which had been tickled by the long white moustache. She ran up to me and said,—

"Oh, papa, what a *Loch* (hole) he's got in his *Kopf* (head)!"

"This remark from the little child, who, in the moment of being taken up and kissed, saw the awful indentation which everybody who remembers the king knows his Majesty had on his head, was a strong confirmation of Sir Everard Home's evidence at the inquest—"that the would-be assassin (Sellers) had given his Majesty a fearful blow with the sabre, which smashed the skull so that the brain was seen pulsating."

We referred to Temple, the king's coachman, and certainly when the king and the coachman were together two "characters" were face to face; and the coachman in that point of view, with his "contract" and his dislike "of them foreigners" and his beer-drinking, beef-eating propensities, did not suffer beside his master. Mr. Wilkinson has made a most interesting and touching chapter on this John Bull. Here is one characteristic anecdote:—

"The king sent for Temple one day in the middle of a very cold winter, when his Majesty had not been well, and had not driven out for some weeks.

"How's this, Temple, I hear my horses

look very rough and unsightly. What have you been doing?"

"Well, sir, if they've telled your Majesty that, they've either telled your Majesty a lie, or they've made a mistake between my horses and my terrier dogs."

"Well well," said the king, 'let me see them this afternoon.'

"Temple duly appeared at the window (his Majesty lived on the ground floor). He drove the six horses, the two in front with postillions, in a most stately way, and at a slow trot, up and down the street, and stopped before the palace. He never turned his head, but waited for due criticism, and then, when ordered, drove away in the same slow, stately style. The horses looked magnificent; coats as smooth as in summer time, harness and carriage in perfection, fit to drive up our Mall to Buckingham Palace in the season. What the informer got I know not, but I know that Temple got whatever he wanted after that.

"The Hof-marshal was always growling about the immense cost of Temple and his establishment every time pay-day came round.

"Contract," said Temple. 'Contract's a contract. Even a doctor keeps his contract.'

"A doctor was, I believe," adds Mr. Wilkinson, "in the lowest scale in Temple's idea."

It lies beyond our province here to refer to the humorous sketch of Caroline Herschel, or to the admirable portrait of Jenny Lind; but readers who procure the book will find that it is not only courtly but becomes truly human, and the old king seen in many lights, with all his faults, oddities, and gruffnesses, comes out more attractively than might have been expected, without much of gloss or varnish, which the customs and the flat-teries of courts are so apt to produce or to confirm. Such is the true service of biography.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

From The Spectator.

#### THE POPE AND THE QUEEN.

A JUBILEE comes so seldom, that it ought to have a conspicuous result; and it seems possible that such a result may come in a quarter where no one looked for it. The great majority of reasonable people have long wished to see diplomatic relations established between England and the Vatican. All the arguments that

\* "Oh, gracious! What is that? At a court ball! In ladies' society! Thick, hairy, horrid, naked legs! That is out of the way, not to say vulgar! And that is allowed by Queen Victoria!"

really bear on the question make in favor of such a step, and there is absolutely nothing to prevent it except the fear of arousing an almost extinct prejudice,—a prejudice the real force of which, from the very fact that it is so nearly extinct, politicians find it hard to measure, and so hesitate to provoke. A feeling of this kind is not to be overcome by reason, but it is sometimes amenable to a sudden emotion. It gets displaced somehow by the shock, and while the shock lasts public opinion will see things done without complaint or question which at any other time it would have contested at every step. The pope's attitude towards the jubilee is altogether unlike that which, on the Protestant theory of his disposition towards the queen, he ought to have assumed. He ought to see in the sovereign of England a persistent and dangerous foe to his spiritual authority. The history of England since the Reformation is the history of a long and successful conflict with the papacy. One king after another has come and gone, but each has stepped into his predecessor's place and put on his predecessor's armor. Consequently, the queen's jubilee is to the pope the jubilee of an enemy. The successes of her reign are successes won at his expense, and resulting in his discomfiture. She is the chief of a Protestant nation and the defender of a Protestant faith. How can the pope congratulate her on fifty years of sovereignty, when that sovereignty has been exercised to his detriment?

It is strange that a minority of Englishmen should still cling to such a theory as this. It has long been abandoned at Rome, because it has long been seen to be wholly inconsistent with plain facts. In the days when the maxim, *Cujus regio ejus religio*, was in force, there was a meaning in it. The sovereigns of England were the embodiment of the people of England, and as such they were the declared adversaries of the sovereigns of Rome. To be a Roman Catholic was incompatible with English citizenship; consequently, every English Catholic was counted an alien, and credited with all the enmity that aliens are supposed to feel to the country in which they unwillingly sojourn. In those days Rome was the enemy of England, because every English Roman Catholic had felt, or might expect to feel, the annoyances reserved for the professors of a religion which was the object at best of grudging toleration. There are some among us who would like to believe that all this is still true. They

make ostentatious allowances for the hatred that Rome is still assumed to feel towards England and her queen. They profess entire readiness to forgive a feeling which history and circumstances have made inevitable. The pope has suffered too much at the hands of England in the past, and must expect to suffer too much from her in the future, to make it commonly reasonable for him to esteem her as anything else than a foe. Unfortunately for such views as these, the pope himself persistently repudiates the feeling thus persistently attributed to him. If his own account of the matter is to be trusted, England is one of the few countries in which the position of the Roman Catholic Church has steadily and markedly improved. In Catholic countries, the Church has been involved in continual quarrels with a State which nominally protects her. In some Protestant countries, she has been at war with a State which professedly has nothing to do with her. In England, almost alone among European nations, she has experienced more than half-a-century of almost uninterrupted peace. With one brief exception, and that an exception which was one only in name and sound, she has been free since 1829 to go her own way, to manage her own affairs, to teach her own people, and to make such converts as she could. The scare of the papal aggression called forth the empty threats which found appropriate expression in a statute which was never put in force, and which was not long after repealed; but if the year or so of uneasiness which followed that singular paroxysm of unintelligent alarm be deducted from the account, the Roman Catholic Church in England has still more than the right to her own jubilee of peace and quiet. Whatever Englishmen may feel about it, the pope is perfectly alive to the advantages which his spiritual children enjoy in this country. He has had too much experience of what has befallen them elsewhere, not to know that much greater apparent privileges may be combined with much less real freedom; and he is modern enough to appreciate the advantage that freedom has over privilege.

This is the explanation of the new departure which Leo XIII. has taken in regard to the queen's jubilee. Ordinarily, the pope is only distantly civil to Protestant sovereigns; but in this case he treats the queen as though she belonged to his own Church. Special thanksgivings will be offered in every Catholic church, and a special embassy is coming over to con-

gratulate the queen on the pope's behalf. The envoy chosen is Mgr. Ruffo Scilla, who is to be the new nuncio at Munich, and in this capacity the intermediary between the pope and the Catholics of Germany. A person of less distinction would have answered every purpose save that which Leo XIII. has specially in view, — the making it clear to the civilized world that he desires to pay all possible honor to the personal worth of the queen, and to the principle of authority which she represents. The strongest Protestant will admit that on this occasion, at all events, Leo XIII. is simply obeying the apostolic precept of rendering honor "to the king as supreme." The pope sees in the queen's jubilee the visible symbol of that long and beneficent reign in which religious hatreds have gradually ceased to influence civil affairs, and Englishmen of all creeds have come to be regarded as equal before the law and before their sovereign. Roman Catholics have had their full share in this great gain, and Roman Catholics have the means of showing their appreciation of it after a more stately fashion than other religious bodies. The rules of their faith do not allow the papal envoy to be present in Westminster Abbey; but the jubilee service at the Pro-Cathedral of Westminster will be marked by the state with which the Roman Church can so well invest her solemn functions, and the papal envoy will attend it in state. No one can deny that in all this the pope is doing a graceful act, and an act which lays him open to special censures of which on other occasions he has been markedly anxious to keep clear. The National Party in Ireland has insolently refused to have any part in this celebration. They are the queen's subjects, but they will not keep the queen's jubilee. The pope has many reasons, good and bad, for not offending the National Party in Ireland, yet he goes out of his way to take a step which will certainly offend them. In no way could he have shown so clearly his good-will towards the queen, and his desire to be on good terms with the queen's government.

It seems to us that this event gives precisely the occasion that is wanted for the establishment of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican. The first step — the step which it is always so hard to take — will now be taken as a matter of course. The reception of an envoy charged with the delivery of the pope's congratulations is an opening of diplomatic relations. Even Mr. Newde-

gate, were he still alive, would hardly propose that Mgr. Ruffo Scilla should be turned away when he presents himself as his sovereign's representative; and if he is not turned away, the queen will have received an envoy from the pope, and that envoy an ecclesiastic. If the Protestantism of England survives this tremendous shock — and our impression is that it will be found to be in all respects unhurt by Mgr. Ruffo Scilla's visit — it cannot be injured by any number of similar visits. It will have proved its superiority to that most terrible of tests, the presence of a nuncio at the English court; and that superiority once established, there need be no fear in future of its failing before a repetition of the trial. If this moment is allowed to pass unimproved, we may never again have so good an opportunity for doing what every statesman, no matter what his political party may be, wishes to see done. Diplomatic relations can be set on foot now almost as a matter of course. The pope has sent an envoy to London to offer the queen his congratulations; the queen will, as a piece of ordinary courtesy, send an envoy to Rome to thank the pope for his good wishes. Out of this interchange of diplomatic civilities, the residence of a permanent representative at each court might spring in the most natural way possible. It would no longer be the establishment of a new state of things, but the continuance of a state of things which had come into being in the ordinary course of events. We do trust that this fruit, at least, of the jubilee will receive the little care and attention which are all that are needed to gather it in.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### MILITARY RESOURCES OF ENGLAND.

WE were speaking recently of the astounding supineness of this country on the subject of its military power, and of the little result which seems to accrue to the cause of its proper development from the constant and earnest warnings of a knot of expert military writers, among whom, to mention but a few of the most prominent, are Sir Edward Hamley, Sir Charles Nugent, Sir George Elliot, Colonel Schaw, Major Elsdale, and Colonel Knollys.

Instead of considering seriatim the suggestions that have been brought forward for the better utilization of our immense

resources in men and material — suggestions that are quite within the bounds of practicability, as they do not necessitate such a complete revolution in our military system as the oft-advocated compulsory service would introduce — we may rather consider what our military position would be after they had been properly carried out.

As the efficiency of the navy depends in a great measure on the security of certain bases of naval operations, military harbors, and dockyards, and coaling stations, we should see every military port, every coaling and fitting station, protected by the most perfect system of fortification and mine-fields, the latest guns and the necessary complements of coast-defence vessels, gun and torpedo boats. Commercial harbors, which if destroyed would not inflict such terrible loss on the fighting power of the country as the loss of dockyards and arsenals, would not be threatened by such imposing forces, but might be the object of attack with a view to ransom, or for securing a base of operation, or merely for wanton destruction. These we should find provided with a sufficient array of heavy batteries, submarine mines, and guard-boats to check any *coup de main*. But harbor defence, although the most important, only constitutes one branch of the general question. It is of course impossible to fortify, even in a rudimentary manner, the whole length of the seaboard, but we should see at least something prepared in the way of mines, batteries, and controllable torpedoes, to increase the difficulty of landing at all the most favorable points for disembarkation. These should be as well known to us as to any hostile commander.

All that local resistance can do, except at strongly fortified places, is to delay the landing. Active defence falls to the lot of the mobile field forces. In the absence of that system of compulsory service which is so onerous a change on Continental nations and so essentially antipathetic to our national mind, we have an army necessarily weak in numbers, since its ranks must be filled by voluntary enlistment. This small army is further necessarily scattered throughout that empire, "over which the sun never sets." In the improved state of things we are considering, we should find the paucity of numbers made up for by the utmost completeness in its armaments, the utmost perfection in its organization, especially with reference to supply of stores, transport, and mobilization. But for the protection of

the country against the huge Continental hosts of modern times, organized masses of men, which our regular service is incapable of producing, are of absolute necessity — a necessity to meet which an attempt has been made by the more recent militia acts and the spontaneous development of our volunteer army.

A perfect organization for irregular and local troops — troops with comparatively incomplete training — would be one which utilized to its full extent the special qualifications of local corps for coast defence, on the one hand, and, on the other, simplified to the utmost the concentration of the rest from distant parts of the country. We should thus find all the auxiliaries — militia, yeomanry, naval and land volunteer corps — divided into two broad classes, one devoted more especially to coast defence, and consisting chiefly of engineers, submarine miners, and artillery. To this end all the local forces of counties on the seaboard should be utilized, providing them with headquarters in the various sea forts and harbors, or in the more vulnerable points of the coast. The work required of them for garrison purposes in forts and coast batteries, for laying and working the mine-fields and extemporizing obstacles, could be most efficiently carried out by them. They would be frequently instructed and practised in their special duties, and entrusted with an adequate supply of all requisite stores, so as to avoid the inevitable confusion in the distribution of the latter in cases of sudden emergency. The second class, consisting of the remainder of the infantry, the yeomanry, and the needful proportion of artillery, provided with modern guns, would form, round the nucleus of the regulars, the field army. Infantry would be trained to perform with a clear understanding, not the rigid and precise barrack-square evolutions which are the luxury of regulars, but the few movements that are strictly necessary for marching in order from one point to another, deploying and extending for attack, and reforming. They would be instructed in the duties of outposts, advanced and rear-guards, to shoot straight, at least at short distance, and be imbued with the immense importance of fire discipline.

The scattering of the several corps over the surface of the land being the inevitable result of our system of volunteer service and the territorial organization of the militia, provisions would be made for reducing as far as possible the friction and labor of mobilizing and concentrating

them at short notice. Every corps would be provided at its own headquarters with the store of equipment, ammunition, and entrenching tools, not only for the numbers actually enrolled, but for the probable increment due to the inevitable influx of men in times of danger, so that within a very short time of receiving its orders for mobilization every corps would be equipped and ready to move to the point indicated. We should, of course, see the army of the richest and most productive nation in the world, although admittedly weak in numbers, at least liberally supplied with all the mechanical and scientific appliances which help to make up for numerical inferiority—fortification, machine-guns, and all the latest inventions applicable to the services. Thus would the auxiliary artillery be armed and trained in peace time to the full complement with the guns it would have to work on active service, so as to minimize on the day of mobilization the confusion and block attendant on hasty distribution of stores. It is a self-evident proposition that the more indifferently trained a body of troops the greater the necessity of providing it with thoroughly efficient officers to direct and utilize its efforts. Therefore, there would be, on the one hand, every inducement, pecuniary and honorific, offered to auxiliary officers to obtain the requisite proficiency, while, on the other hand, no promotion would be sanctioned in cases of palpable incapacity.

So much for the *elements* of fighting power. In order to utilize them to their full extent, there would be carefully considered schemes of mobilization with a view to concentration on the various points where the opinion of experts foresees the possibility of attack. Likewise a thorough decentralization in the system of store supplies, by the establishment of different arsenals in places, not only remote from easy hostile access, but also securely fortified. We should find, above all, the capital which is within such easy reach of the enemy, if not permanently fortified, at any rate protected against a *coup de main*, by the existence in its immediate neighborhood of entrenched camps and well-devised "semi-permanent" works, supplied with stores and ammunition, and provided with special arrangements for rail and road transport of men and material. These are the broad features of a system which would enable the country to bring out at short notice much of its latent strength for defence. But how far short the present organization falls of this ideal

state of affairs is but too patent. With regard to the navy, we are, it appears, at last about to improve our position; the last memorandum of the first lord of the admiralty has given us to understand that before long the empire may find itself provided with a navy approximately adequate to its requirement. This shows how far behind the times we had allowed ourselves to struggle. "The very improvements," to use Lord George Hamilton's own words, "show how large a field for reform there still remains in those parts of our naval system which have not been touched."

Another memorandum, in explanation of the army estimates for the current year, has likewise given a clear statement of our position as a military power, and of our requirements. The statement is simply this: With an enrolled strength of upwards of half a million of men, our organization is such as barely to admit of the immediate mobilization of two army corps—excluding, of course, the army now serving in India—together with the indispensable garrisons, and that only "if Parliament is prepared to sanction a large increase in the field artillery."

The subject of the numerical weakness of the regular army is a vexed question, which it is useless to discuss. The army does its work in the machinery of the empire by dint of stubbornness and exaggerated sacrifice. But there comes a point where valor must fail to overcome obstacles and numbers, and that point would be reached at once in the event of our being engaged in a supreme struggle with a great European power. Then the best organized and led *masses* will win the day. At present, although it may be said that, according to our enrolled strength, we possess sufficient numbers, it would be a very sanguine admirer of our "constitutional forces" and "our citizen army" who would maintain that, for the requirements of a field, or even a garrison, army, anything more than the preliminary step is as yet reached. The men are enrolled, armed, and possessed of some kind of efficiency, the shortcomings of which are blinked at in consideration of the great energy and patriotism displayed in achieving so much. The distribution of the auxiliaries is irregular, in many cases they are fewest where they are most wanted; the proportion of the infantry is quite out of relation to their other arms, the artillery branch is practically unprovided with field-guns, even with guns of position. None of the corps are possessed of a store of equipment which would allow

them to mobilize on short notice, nor is there, even on paper, an organized transport which would enable them to keep the field twenty-four hours. There are of course in all the arms of the auxiliary service some officers who make military science the object of careful and conscientious study; nevertheless, it is a fact that the professional knowledge of the majority is confined to its rudiments. This in itself is a great source of weakness, resulting not from inability or want of individual energy, but from an inadequate organization where efficiency is not sufficiently encouraged.

Lastly, we must remember that the blow when it comes will be very sudden. The enemy, who knows our weak points a great deal better than we do ourselves, will be well aware that his best chance of success will be in rapid operations, that every day lost by him will be a gain of incalculable advantage to us, and he will consequently utilize all the resources of a perfect organization to attack us in the midst of our preparation. Our most pressing wants, therefore, are a great extension of our coast defences, a perfectly definite scheme of mobilization, and a completely decentralized system for the supply of stores. These things alone will enable us to meet the enemy in time to prevent his doing irremediable mischief. Our strong places, dockyards, and arsenals must be made really strong, always sufficiently garrisoned to be unapproachable for a *coup de main* and ready in time of war to defy any systematic attack; our commercial harbors must be secured at least against desultory inroads, and all our vulnerable points more systematically watched. If our home army were so distributed as to be able to concentrate with the least delay possible, all this would do nearly as much for us as doubling the strength of the navy. Something, of course, is being done towards this end, but how little compared with what remains to do, and indeed with what must be done, if we want our insular position — the pretext on which we have hitherto based our reasons for not adopting compulsory service — to remain a source of strength instead of helplessness!

It is easy, no doubt, to point out defects; such depreciation, moreover, of our national power might be deemed unpatriotic in those who periodically strive to awaken the nation to a sense of its insecurity, if they were not ready at the same time with the remedies. These remedies are practicable and their necessity self-

evident. The only difficulty is to induce anybody to see them carried out.

At one of the more recent discussions on the subject of imperial federation, it was suggested that a committee should be organized, composed of all the leading men of every branch of the armed strength of the empire, who would attend to propose and pass resolutions on the most important measures. Now the subject of home defences is one on which there is a good deal more unanimity of opinion than on federation as to the main points, though there may be some difference of opinion as to the most practical means of reaching them. Perhaps a general conference under the management of a committee of those distinguished officers who have of late years done such patriotic work in studying all these questions might, by concerted action, succeed in having them practically attended to, if, after systematic and exhaustive discussions — to which every one whose opinion was worth having would be invited — it was able to come to a complete agreement on the method of working. Armed with a definite general scheme, expounding, in order of urgency, all the measures so well advocated by our leading authorities, the conference would employ its energies and influence, through the press and in Parliament, to have the question of national defences taken into consideration. The times are propitious for such agitation. The public mind, on the one hand, in this jubilee year is prepared to entertain wide schemes; it is much occupied with ideas of imperial federation, and, on the other hand, expectant of European conflicts into which England may very well be drawn. Not till we have made ourselves so strong at home as to be quite secure, not only from successful invasion, but from any molestation on our own soil, shall we enjoy that independence of action which is requisite for the maintenance of our empire over the world.

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From St. James's Gazette.

#### A VILLAGE IN LONDON.

THOUGH there is hardly a village in Great Britain some of whose natives have not sought their fortune in London, it is a mistake to suppose that they at once become Londoners. Where they are Scotch they keep themselves to themselves in a curiously close way; and in the case of those who come from the Forfarshire vil-

lage in which I myself was reared—let us call it Wheens—they congregate in one district—almost in one street; where they have intermarried and grown in number until there is now a Wheens in London.

Let it not be imagined, however, that up in Wheens we are a clannish people. The clans are further north. If we meet a stranger on a country road we speak to him; but in Wheens itself there are many classes, and, speaking generally, the member of one kirk (we have half a dozen, though we could only fill two) does not necessarily know the member of another. I have even heard of two natives being introduced to each other, though introductions are not common in Wheens yet. All barriers, however, disappear in London, where every Wheens man becomes a brother to every other Wheens man, and every Wheens woman a sister. The new arrival makes at once for the Wheens district; and, if lodgings are not ready for him, there are half-a-dozen people from Wheens ready to take him in. The fact of their not having known each other in Wheens, or of their having been rivals there, makes no difference. If he comes to London "on speculation" with a very few shillings in his pocket, the Wheens man is housed and even fed for nothing, on the understanding that when he gets a situation he will pay up. He is most often a clerk, sometimes a schoolmaster, sometimes a working man. Young women also come up, to fill situations in shops, for instance; and if they do not start in life in Wheens Street, they soon drift into it. Class distinctions—though so strong in Wheens that the gentry gave up lawn tennis when the milliners took to it, and the milliners have nothing to say to the factory hands—break down in London, and the minister's son becomes the bosom friend of the ironmonger.

Wheens Street may be miles from your place of business, but you do not mind the walk, I say walk, for the Scot in London needs years of residence to reconcile himself to the expense of underground railways and omnibuses. When he returns to Wheens for a brief holiday, or to settle down in it again (as is more frequently the case than might be thought), nothing causes more raising of the eyebrows than his stories of working men who spend several pence daily on trains or omnibuses—pence that might be saved by getting up an hour earlier. The Wheens man does not, as a rule, travel by rail. He sails from Dundee to Leith, and

thence takes steamer for London; a long journey but a cheap one; for he usually carries his own provender with him. In Mr. William Black's best novel there is an old Scotch warrior who prepares for an introduction to the French heroine by doffing his "regimentals" and attiring himself in civilian's garb, lest he should remind her of Waterloo. There is no exaggeration here. I know that there are young men from Wheens who think of Bannockburn when they alight first on English soil, and I have heard one warn another against talking of Burns. The idea is that it is foolish to rouse national jealousies.

When a Wheens Londoner revisits his birthplace he is closely studied to see how England has affected him. Though much has been written of country cousins in London and of national differences, I have often thought that the subject has been disregarded in one of its most interesting and conspicuous aspects. In Wheens, if we were to mark the difference between the English and Scotch in a word, that word would be "grand." In its Scotch significance grand means "showy," "having airs," "talking finely." England is so "grand" that our synonym for grand is "English." Though you recognize a Scot by his voice, you do not set him down as poor and common on account of it; but an "English" voice affects us as "grand," and the poorest Englishman who comes among us is considered something of an exquisite entirely because he speaks English. On the whole, we think "English" affectation; but it impresses us; and the Wheens Londoner who "has taken on the English" is believed to be "grander," even to be "doing better," than the one who remains Scotch. Curiously enough, though the former is mimicked for his "airs," the latter is rather despised for the want of them. Children in Wheens are openly envious of English children, whose prattle is musical and delightful to our ears. At the same time "English" is held to be "prideful" and artificial. There is only one wealthy man in Wheens, and two years ago he sent his daughter to a London boarding-school. As a rule, our "finishing" schools are in Edinburgh, and this girl was sent to London avowedly to "take on the English." She took it on wonderfully and was a nine days' wonder on her return; but her brothers never rested until they had laughed her back into broad Forfarshire.

Wheens Street, London (not that that is its real name), is on the south side. Its

inhabitants, most of whom are lodgers, are no proof of the adage that the newcomer sees more of a town in a week than the natives of it may see all their lives. Soon after their arrival they take a look at a few of the places best known to them by name that can be seen free of charge, and then they settle down in Wheens Street. They walk straight home to it from their offices in the evening, and as a rule know as little of "London life" as if they were still in Wheens. All they know of the theatres is that most of them are in the Strand. Up in Wheens we have not got reconciled to theatre-going yet; and we like to draw the line at panoramas. The Wheens man in London does not go to so many places of entertainment as when he was at home, doubtless because of the greater expense. You should see Wheens stare when credibly informed that there are people who pay half a guinea for a single theatre-seat. The London Wheens, nevertheless, has its relaxations, all modelled on those of the other Wheens. The Scotchness of the colony is most perceptible in the evenings. The draught-board is brought out—under its Scotch name of "dam-brod;" and if anything is drunk, it is not beer but whiskey. There is not, however, much drinking; and it is not so much a social instinct that makes them drop in on each other as a tendency to run together, because they are all Wheens folk, when there is nothing else to do. They rarely meet by appointment, but, having had his "tea," the Wheens man calls at the abode of his neighbor. If he is out, he tries another house. Although I don't suppose they earn on an average a hundred pounds a year apiece, many of them are saving money. Not infrequently, when they have saved up enough they return to Wheens and start in business there, when they talk of the wonders of London and the smallness of Wheens. Yet in London they are never ten minutes in each other's company without introducing the name of their native place, and they always do it in broad Scotch. Wheens Street, London, is as Scotch in language as in its manners and customs.

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From The Spectator.

KEATS.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN, in the charming study of Keats with which he has just enriched Mr. John Morley's series of "En-

glish Men of Letters,"\* is anxious to convince his readers that the genius of Keats held in solution all those great qualities by which Shakespeare's transcendent imagination was distinguished, and that if Keats had not died prematurely at twenty-five, he would have shown that he could follow with no unequal step in the great master's track. We cannot say that we think this conjecture at all a probable conjecture. It is perfectly certain that it can neither be confuted nor confirmed. The law of genius such as that of Keats is far beyond our gauging. The rainbow's colors have been reduced to law, but the rainbow colors of the human imagination have not been reduced to law, and there is, so far as we know, no analogy upon which we could even venture to found any probable inference as to the development of Keats's rich and fiery fancy. The present critic, if he were to hazard a conjecture at all in regions so very far beyond the clear survey of human reason, would rather have said that a mind so marked by early and tropical luxuriance as that of Keats, was hardly likely to have yielded the grandest fruits of intellectual strength. The childhood of genius has frequently presented us with a foretaste of its maturer years, a foretaste which has proved to be a better guide to the maturer form of that genius than to the intermediate forms which arise under the magnetism of youth. The child Goethe was in many respects more like the oracular sage who conversed with Eckermann than the youth who wrote "The Sorrows of Werther" and "Goetz of Berlichingen." The child Scott, who kept all his school-fellows on the stretch to hear the stories he invented, was much more like the great novelist than the young man who translated Bürger's "Leonora," and related in verse the romantic legend of his wizard ancestor. And Cardinal Newman has told us how, in his own childhood, there were strange auguries, which in his later years he could hardly understand or even credit, of the close of his career in the great Church of which he is now a prince. But in Keats's childhood, while we have evidence of the most fiery combativeness and the most glowing generosity and chivalry of heart, there appears to be no trace of that largeness of undeveloped power which would anticipate many-sided wisdom and an immense range of human insight. On the contrary, great animation, considerable tumultuousness of feeling,

\* Published by Macmillan and Co.

and sudden almost abrupt impulsiveness, seem to have been the chief characteristics of his childhood. We should expect, we think, in the childhood of a Shakespeare something of that sedateness and calmness which belong to wisdom and humor even when still in the germ. Keats's childhood seems to have been almost as tumultuous as his youth; and yet in the childhood of many-sided wisdom there is apt, we imagine, to be evidence of the slow preparation of nature for a great intellectual birth. However, all this, as we have said, is beyond the field of anything but conjecture, though if we were to conjecture at all, our conjecture would not fall in with Mr. Sidney Colvin's. Shakespeare, we think, could never have lived to Keats's age without betraying more evidence of overflowing humor and delight in rendering the various forms of human character than Keats ever displayed, for even Mr. Sidney Colvin does not pretend that in "Otho the Great," or the fragment of "King Stephen," or "The Cap and Bells," Keats betrayed anything like the kind of faculty which went to create "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," or "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Very likely the last-mentioned play is due to a period in Shakespeare's life which Keats never lived to attain. And, of course, it might well be that a genius which flowered so early and luxuriantly as that of Keats, might have taken longer to ripen into the higher phases of its power, than even Shakespeare's, which, so far as we know, never produced anything so rich and perfect as Keats's poems at the age at which Keats produced them. Still, we cannot easily believe that a genius which was so profuse and incomparable in one field, could have given absolutely no indication of a gigantic power like that of Shakespeare in another and very different field, even before the age at which Keats died. Was that almost hectic brilliance, that redundancy of fervent susceptibility and vividness, quite compatible with the travail of a mind in which so mighty an imagination as Shakespeare's was slowly bringing its power to the birth? It is not usually the forest trees which flower most brilliantly,—rather the creepers and the flowers and the shrubs. It is hard to imagine that so mighty a nature as Shakespeare's should have had so early and yet so wonderfully brilliant a flowering season as was given to the fancy of Keats.

But passing by Mr. Sidney Colvin's intellectual conjecture for what it is worth,

we cannot deny that he has brought out for us with great clearness and beauty the distinctive traits of the genius which has immortalized the name of Keats. "I think poetry," said Keats, "should surprise by a fine excess;" and it would be impossible to express more exactly the surprise which Keats's poetry certainly gives us. There is a "fine excess," an excess which would revolt us if it were not so fine, a fineness which we should be very apt to miss if it were not the fineness of excess, in all the singular glory of Keats's happiest verse. Take the lines in "St. Agnes's Eve" on the beauty of which Mr. Sidney Colvin dilates with so much enthusiasm, —

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
Paining with eloquence her balmy side.

Surely Mr. Colvin is himself guilty of a fine excess, when he says that the beauty of these lines "resides in truth only," — for Madeline could never have thought of her own side as "balmy," and it is the artifice and effort by which Keats unites artificially in one view the passion of the maiden with the passion of her lover, the volubility of Madeline's heart's love with the rapture of Porphyro's gaze, which are the special characteristics of that couplet. It is the same with nearly every one of Keats's most characteristic lines: —

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim  
And purple-stained mouth!

There is a fine excess in every phrase of that stanza, most of all in the phrase by which Keats so vividly describes the swift rising and vanishing of the "beaded bubbles." And Keats's "fine excess" is always spent on luxuriating in beauty, whether sensuous or spiritual. Mr. Colvin tells us that Keats's mother was a lively, impulsive woman, "passionately fond of amusement, and supposed to have hastened the birth of her eldest child by some imprudence." If so, a considerable element in that eldest child's nature, and the ardor with which he too luxuriated in whatever seemed to stimulate his vivid sensations and emotions, may have been in great measure due to his having inherited his mother's temperament. You see this temperament which luxuriates in enjoyment, in the enjoyment even of woe, everywhere in Keats, in his letters as well as in his poems. In both alike you see the man who in the "Ode to Melancholy" could say: —

Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous  
tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

A "fine excess," and a fine excess in the direction of luxuriating in rare emotion, could surely never have been more aptly expressed than in these lines.

The richness of Keats is, of course, anything but classical, as Mr. Sidney Colvin very justly observes, and yet it is a richness which suggests Greek feeling, not in the least from the form, but from the poet's equal passion for all beauty wherever beauty is to be found. Unlike the modern poets, Keats never dwells specially on those human affections which, in the romantic era, so much superseded the passion for mere beauty. Nothing can be less Greek than the vast profusion with which Keats pours out his sense of beauty; nothing can be less Greek than that taste for "excess," even though it be "fine excess," with which he seeks to surprise us. We can hardly imagine anything less Greek, for instance, than this, which is so characteristic of Keats that any good critic, even though he might not recognize the lines individually, would cry out "Keats" at once:—

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
Made purple riot.

Nothing can be less Greek than the famous aspiration "to cease upon the midnight with no pain," in the "Ode to the Nightingale." What was Greek about Keats was his profound love of beauty as beauty. What was the very reverse of Greek, was that proneness to an artificially "fine excess" with which he piled up luxuriant details of beauty till you cease to be able to see the forest for the trees. There was something like inebriety in that tendency to push delight in beauty up to the swooning-point to which Mr. Colvin calls attention. But say what we will in attenuation of his claims to admiration, Keats was "a priest to all time," if not of the wonder, at least of "the bloom of the world," which "we see with his eyes and are glad."

From St. James's Gazette.  
MARCHING.

A CURIOUS report of the marching capabilities of the different European armies, lately drawn up at the German ministry for war, has, at the moment, a special interest. The figures are those of the established "regulations" of the several services; and it appears that the length of the Russian soldier's pace is 71 centimetres, of the German's 80; while the French, Austrian, Italian, Belgian, Swedish, and Swiss soldiers all tread a pace of 75 centimetres. The Italian soldier takes 120 steps in a minute, the French from 112 to 116, the German 115, the Austrian 118, and the Belgian 110 steps. An Italian regiment marches at the rate of 90 metres in the minute, a German regiment at 89, an English at 88, and a French regiment 86 metres per minute. The metre is equal to about 39½ in.; and in English measure, therefore, the rates of progression of the four last-mentioned regiments would be (about) as follows: the Italians, 98 yards per minute; the Germans 96; the English, 95; the French 93 yards per minute. It may be mentioned here that, by the regulations of the British service, our slow march consists of seventy-five 30-in. paces to the minute; this measure being used only on parade and for occasions of solemn pageantry. The quick march, in which all evolutions are performed, increases to 110 paces, while the "double" rises to 150 paces in the minute.

It is now generally agreed that, as athletes, the moderns are stronger and "able to obtain more result from their exertions than the ancients." Whether this may be justly said in reference to military prowess is perhaps not quite so clear. The standard pace of the Roman soldier was the same as our own (30 in.); the length of 5 ft. being really the measurement of two steps, or the space from the place where either foot was lifted up to that on which the same foot was again set down. The Roman mile of 1,000 paces was equal to rather more than nine-tenths of our own statute mile; and the legions usually marched at the rate of twenty of their miles (say eighteen of ours) in five hours. But this was often exceeded on emergency; and to estimate the true quality of this performance it must be remembered that the Roman foot-soldier carried a load of some sixty pounds weight besides his arms. Josephus says that on the march, he was "but very little different from a beast of burden." Lord Wolseley tells us that a division can march two-and-a-half

miles an hour if very well managed; but that, as a rule, time should be calculated at two miles an hour, including ordinary halts.

The rationale of cadenced marching is too obvious to require analysis, and all modern marches are, as far as possible, made to some kind of music. "Sounds," said a great master of military science, "have a secret power over us, disposing our organs to bodily exercises, and at the same time deluding, as it were, the toil of them." If the band is broken up, Lord Wolseley counsels officers to call upon the drums and bugles. The troops "march a hundred per cent. better than in silence;" and this resource also failing, the men should be got to sing by companies. All this was well understood by the ancients. Plutarch describes the Lacedæmonians, when advancing to the attack, as "keeping pace to the time of their flutes; their music leading them into danger cheerful and unconcerned." Most of their actual marches, however, were performed in silence.

Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;  
No sound, no whispers, but the chief's commands,  
Those only heard.

As Josephus also records, "When the Roman soldiers marched out of their encampment they advanced in silence." The Jews were accustomed to sing psalms when marching out to war; but this was probably the expression of religious fervor rather than of military instinct. There is, however, some approach to agreement among authorities that it was "to preserve the military pace of the ancient soldier that martial sounds were invented and drums introduced."

With such a widespread experience of its advantages, it is remarkable that cadenced marching should have fallen into almost total disuse during the Middle Ages. To remove this defect in the French military system was one of the chief labors of Marshal Saxe. In the middle of the last century the musical instruments of the French army were as poor as most of the so-called "marches" of their composers. They might, indeed, have turned their fifes and drums to better account; for the nature of their discipline is sufficiently indicated by the following observation by Marshal Saxe: "As every man is suffered to consult his own ease and inclination, some march slow and others fast; but what is to be expected from troops that cannot be brought to

keep one certain regular pace?" On the contrary, their well-ordered marching was the glory of the Prussian troops; and the victories of Frederick the Great at Rossbach, Leuthen, and Zorndorf were greatly due to this superiority. At this time the Germans had marches of great merit as musical compositions; and the French poverty in this particular was, in fact, relieved from a German source. They also adopted many of the German instruments, as well as others in use among the Walloon regiments. At this date Handel had given to our own troops the stately measure of the march in "Scipio," and many another composition of a similarly marked character. But the time was not yet for such strains as the march in "Die Zauberflöte," or for the solemnity of Beethoven's funeral dirges. The famous English composer, Dr. William Bird, contributed several military marches to Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Book" in 1591. A composition known as "The Old English March" was still used by our infantry long after the introduction of drums and fifes. But "through the negligence and carelessness of drummers, the ancient gravitie and majestie thereof was in danger utterly to have been lost and forgotten." This measure was accordingly "revived and rectified" by Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., in whose presence it was solemnly "beaten" and confirmed at Greenwich in 1610. By a warrant issued in 1632, Charles I. directed the revival of the march "according to the form thereto annexed in musical notes signed by the king." Both "words and music"—warrant and march—are to be found in the "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors."

From The Saturday Review.

#### A MEDICAL VERSION OF ECCLESIASTES.\*

THERE are books concerning which it is not easy to determine whether they are intended in sober earnest or only as a practical joke. We should be sorry—perhaps personally afraid—to include in this description works of a theological or quasi-theological character, however great, morally speaking, the relief would be if we

\* *My Heart's Fruit-Garden, wherein are Divers Delectable Adages and Similes of the Prince of Doctrinal Ethics.* A Translation, out of the Ancient Biblical Hebrew, of the Book of Kôhéleth, else "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," by Walter Garstang, M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Liverpool: Edward Howell.

felt ourselves at liberty to do so. And assuredly never has our faith in the inviolable sacredness of such publications been more severely tested than by Dr. Garstang's "Heart's Fruit-Garden, wherein are Divers Delectable Adages and Similes of the Prince of Doctrinal Ethics" — or, more prosaically, his "Translation" of "the Book of Kohéleth, else 'Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher.'" The author has prefixed to his book as its motto the second half of Rev. x. 9, and we fully admit the appropriateness of the quotation, with the exception of its closing sentence. But then our want of medical knowledge or of poetic taste may here be in fault.

To speak plainly, the present is an attempt to render Ecclesiastes in blank verse, yet in such manner that its meaning shall be "understood of the people." Critical students know how difficult the book is of translation, and they have of late had painful evidence of this in the Revised Version of the Old Testament, in which Ecclesiastes is not only the worst — indeed is an absolutely badly rendered book — but frequently adds puzzles to the many riddles of the original. Dr. Garstang's work, on the other hand, cannot seriously lay any claim to a "Translation," whatever the title-page may bear in this respect. The author alone can know whether he has attempted to render from the Hebrew; for assuredly the reader would never have guessed it. But as, *ex hypothesi*, the book is seriously intended, the only suggestion which can be offered is, that its object was a medical commendation, with constant theological tendency, in the form of a paraphrase. Of its scientific value we do not now give an opinion, but present a few extracts in illustration of our theory.

Here is one branch of medical pursuits in a paraphrase of Eccles. x. 1: —

Some dead flies shall severally cause to have  
foetor —

Shall make burst out bubbles, oil of a preparer of unguent:  
him, who is estimable from ethic proficiency  
— from gloriousness,  
Shall on that wise a little quantity of foolery.

The Revised Version of Ecclesiastes had sorely exercised us by these unexpected physical consequences of a moral condition. "A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left" (Eccles. x. 2). But this untoward result of wisdom is now medically confirmed by Dr. Garstang, as follows: —

An intelligent man's heart maketh for his right side;  
but the ignorant's heart coucheth at his left.

For a final illustration we naturally turn to the physical description of old age in Eccles. xii., where the scientific knowledge of the translator must be of special value. We regret that we have only room to quote the climax of the passage (Eccles. xii. 6): —

Awhile that this little silvery chain,  
The *Spinal Bones*, shall not be unlinked;  
nor this golden oil-vase, the *Skull*, be broken  
in;  
and that this earthen jar, the *Ribbed Breast*,  
shall not be broken in pieces, over this fountain, the *Heart*;  
nor this rundlet, the *Belly*,  
be dinged against this pit, the *Pelvis*.

Aware that, in the expressive language of our author,

The bodily labor of the fatigable wretches,  
shall harass each of them piteously:  
so that he shall not have known, as respects  
going to town

(Eccles. x. 15),

we close with the following as a not inapt description of the whole book: —

The onset of his oral matters, is nonsense:  
and as to the latter stage of his mouth,  
it is a bad, unintelligible jargon.

(Eccles. x. 13.)

EGYPTIAN PETROLEUM. — Egyptian petroleum is obtained both from surface wells and deep bores at Gamsah and Gebel el Zeit. The crude ore is dark brown in color, and has a disagreeable odor owing to the presence of sulphur compounds. Its specific gravity is 0.934 at 60 degrees Fahr., and though viscous, the oil is fluid at low temperatures owing to the almost entire absence of paraffin. When purified, it yields an oil of 0.850 to 0.950 specific gravity. It is adapted for lubricating

and fuel purposes, but not for lighting. The locality where it is found is four hundred miles from Suez, at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez, on the western side of the Straits of Jubal. The strata in which it is found is, according to Mr. Robert Irvine, calcareous. One boring has reached four hundred feet, penetrating to coral and stiff clay, below which the petroleum is found. The crude oil is now used for lubricating engine bearings on two local steamers.

Engineering.

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LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

## WHAT WE SAW.

For some time our attention has been attracted by the extensive notices in a large number of the papers and magazines all over the country, in reference to the remarkable curative powers of Compound Oxygen. When we read the last page of Harper's Magazine for December, we made up our minds that upon the first opportunity we would investigate the matter and satisfy ourselves as to its real merits. Meeting with an old friend, Mr. C., formerly a professor in a business college in New York, we incidentally mentioned our intention. He replied that he had had some experience in its efficacy. He knew there were many imitators in the market; of these he had no practical experience; he had gone to the fountain head and had used only the original and genuine, as manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen. Not wishing to waste our time, we proceeded to their headquarters and main office, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. This large, double three-story building was erected some twenty years ago in the most substantial manner, combining in an eminent degree all the requirements as to accommodation, light, cheerfulness, and room for future extension. We were invited into the reception parlor by the usher to wait a few moments, as Dr. S. was engaged. We handed the usher our card and took a seat. We were not prepared to see such luxurious accommodations and adornments as we saw around us, for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors. It was but a moment when the usher informed us that the doctor would be pleased to see us, and immediately we were conducted into his presence. He arose and gave us a cordial welcome and invited us to a seat near his own, at his magnificent private desk; in the next instant we felt perfectly at ease and in as pleasant conversation as if we had been acquainted for years.

Our first question was a direct one: "Doctor, would you be willing to tell us how you first came to go into this business?" He replied: "Most certainly; with pleasure." He then proceeded to tell us how he became first acquainted with an Oxygen Treatment about twenty years ago, while he was filling a professor's chair in one of the popular medical colleges of this city of his adoption; and while in growing popularity in a large and extensive practice, his attention was called to some remarkable effects of the Oxygen Treatment, as then applied to some of his own difficult and supposed incurable patients. He thought its apparent benefits would be only temporary, but to his surprise the good results were permanent, and the patients were restored to health. This led him to encourage its test upon some more difficult cases, and they also became cured by this wonderful agency.

Determined not to be a blind bigot but open to conviction, he tried it upon some of his own family. In the end he became convinced that here was a wonderful curative power, heretofore unknown to the medical world, and at once resolved to give up his lucrative practice and secure the secret and knowledge of this formula. That his decision was a wise one, has been evidenced by the tens of thousands who have been healed of their years of chronic ailments by its wonderful revitalizing power. After seventeen years of experience in its ministration as a remedial agency, the learned doctor declares that he is yet frequently surprised by both ladies and gentlemen walking into his office in apparent good health, and introducing themselves as patients who, but a few months or perhaps a

year before had called for examination, and he had plainly told them that he could not give them any grounds for hope for a cure from the Compound Oxygen Treatment; but that he believed it would give them more relief than any other treatment, or any course of medicine that they could use! So that he has come to the belief that he does not yet fully understand the full scope of its remedial powers! In proof of this he gave us some letters to read, two of which he permitted us to copy:

(a D., 325.)

"McCONNELLSVILLE, O., Jan. 2, 1887.

"As a new year begins to-day, my mind naturally wanders back to the events of the old year, and especially to the wonderful change wrought in my condition by the use of your Compound Oxygen. Two and a half years ago I was so weak I could not sit up but a few minutes, and so nervous that sleep and rest were impossible with me—caused by years of sickness and suffering. In this condition, after trying every other remedy, I began the use of Compound Oxygen. At first the improvement seemed slow, but it always relieved me when suffering from neuralgia of the stomach, which seemed wonderful to me as it acted as no other remedy did, leaving me feeling comfortable. At the end of one year my improvement was so great as to be a surprise to us all. My greatest improvement, however, has been during the past year. I can work, visit, go to church, read and do as well persons do, all of which I had not done for eight years previous to the use of your Treatment. To say I am grateful, is but mildly expressing what I feel. I am happy, satisfied, and feel well, though I have not used the Compound Oxygen only at intervals since last June; but I purpose keeping constantly on hand your Compound. We have saved ~~myself~~ (just in my case alone) not less than ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> month, and the blessing of being able to ~~go~~ <sup>be</sup> home instead of at a sanitarium, where I had often been from six to nine months out of twelve, only returning home to drop into old conditions. Not myself only, but all of our family have been greatly benefited by its use. With the largest gratitude, I remain truly yours,

"MRS. F. A. DAVIS."

"4 W. 127 Street, NEW YORK, Jan. 17, 1887.

"About the middle of last season I was obliged to retire from my position as one of the leading tenors of the American Opera Company on account of a severe cold, contracted while rehearsing in the Academy of Music. In order to recover from my cold and almost total loss of even my speaking voice, I started immediately for the far West, where I remained for nearly five months resting and favoring myself in every possible way. As September (1886) drew near—the month in which I was to appear at the Worcester Festival—I grew nervous and disheartened, so slight was the improvement in my condition. On my return to New York, about the middle of September, I called at your office there and got a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen, and by the faithful use of it my voice began to show improvement almost immediately. I was in surprisingly good condition for the Worcester Festival, and have not experienced a return in any way of my late trouble.

"I may say that I address this letter to you with all cheerfulness and of my own free will. Should any brother or sister artist in similar trouble, care to write to me for fuller information, I shall be only too happy to respond, feeling sure that by constant use they will receive prompt relief. With every expression of regard,

"I am yours very sincerely,  
"WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE."

We cannot but recommend to every one to send for a copy of their brochure, a book of two hundred pages, giving an interesting account of the Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results, which will be sent free by addressing Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.